

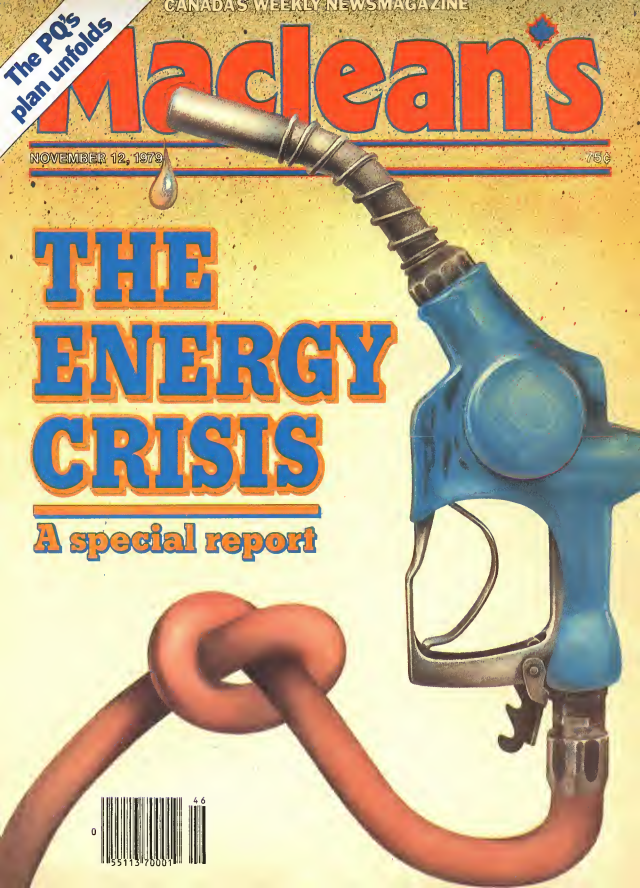
The PQ's
plan unfolds

NOVEMBER 12, 1979

75¢

THE ENERGY CRISIS

A special report



0



Why we must change our energy tune or face the fatal consequences of a new Ice Age



By Peter C. Newman

This issue of *Maclean's* features a special report on the energy crisis or, more precisely, the oil glitch, which threatens to change all our habits and habitats. Canada's predicament is simple to define: as domestic oil production declines (by 5.6 per cent a year) and consumption continues to increase (by at least 1.7 per cent annually) our imports of expensive OPEC oil will increase by 50 per cent during the 1980s. Arab oil prices have ballooned by 415 per cent since 1973. Not only has the oil cartel's original objective of putting a floor on oil prices not worked, its least militant members are unable to enforce any ceiling (the Arab states have discovered that it is possible to command premium prices by reducing output). Much of the world's petroleum is now being traded in the "spot markets" of Rotterdam, Singapore and London where recent prices of crude have climbed past the \$40-a-barrel (U.S.) range.

What this means for world trade is that for the first time since 1929 the international monetary system is seriously threatened. Oil has, in effect, become the gold standard of international commerce, dragging up the prices of other commodities and drastically reducing the purchasing power of paper money. That's why even Gerald Rhee's draconian lending rates will not

prevent Canada from plunging back into double-digit inflation.

The only way to reverse this self-destruction of the economy is to change our lifestyles enough so that we begin using more sources of energy not based on petroleum products. In the search for solutions we may have to look at a plethora of possibilities (or alternatives), some of which are outlined on the following pages, rapidly accelerating conversion of more home heating units to gas from oil, cutting off oil and gas to the friver versions U.S., pursuing the electrification of railroads on intercity routes, pushing car companies to mass-produce electric cars, impressing Canadians with the need to save energy with the same vigor they apply to saving money.

Canada is fortunate enough to possess almost unlimited sources of alternate conventional energy. Our uranium and coal and tar-sand reserves have hardly been touched. We retain an untapped fortune in hydro-generating potential, as illustrated by last month's official opening of the 5,328-megawatt La-2 portion of the James Bay Development.

What makes our energy situation more precarious than that of most other countries is that in many parts of the world people would be uncomfortable if their heating fuel were to be cut off. We would freeze to death.

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 12, 1979

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If you could model the kind of plane you'd like to fly on in the 80's, you'd choose the ones we chose.

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We're having them built for you.

AIR CANADA



If prostitution is the world's oldest calling, fighting it is the most futile

By Rita Christopher

If prostitution is the world's oldest profession, working to stamp it out must be the second oldest. Undaunted by the historic lack of success in eliminating sex-for-sale, New York Mayor Edward Koch has come up with an appropriately 20th-century way to combat

marginal pias, can cope with the problem. One reason is that even as middle-class residents clamor for a crackdown on prostitution, the law-enforcement establishment is headed in the opposite direction. Given New York's overall crime picture, arrests for prostitution are low-priority items. And when arrested, the women (many of whom are

claimed "The streets belong to people and the people include transvestites."

Feminists, on the other hand, rallied behind the prostitutes' complaint that they are merely working girls harmed by the police, quite obviously because of their sex. The feminists not only defend the prostitutes' right to ply their trade without legal harassment, but also provided much of the force behind New York's new notorious John law. "Why punish women for men's lust?" argued the adamant women's group.

In truth, despite the present fuss over



Ladies of the night in New York City: a media blitz designed to lure that trick

the problem—the media blitz. The mayor is the guiding genius behind New York's most talked-about new radio program—the *John Hour*, "John" being slang for a prostitute's customer. With Koch's prodding, the city-owned radio station WNYC recently opened up its hourly news broadcasts by reading the names of nine men convicted of patronizing prostitutes—and where broadcasts have been planned. "We're not allowed to put people in the streets anymore," said an appropriately garrisoned Koch, "so I'm going to focus attention by putting their names in stacks" (Since 1971, New York state law has provided for the arrest not only of prostitutes, but of their clients too.)

No one denies the scope of New York's prostitution problem or the aggressiveness of its ladies of the evening, many of whom use sex as a means to rob and mug customers. In addition, in recent years prostitutes have branched out from Times Square's sleazy neon lights to far more stable neighborhoods where affluent residents have demanded police action to clean up their streets.

Still, it is highly questionable whether the *John Hour*, or any other

teen-age (runaway) spend only one night in jail, emerging to work the streets as soon as their pumps have made bail.

More discouraging to politicians who take the trouble to swing the streets with publicly-waged raids is the reluctance of judges to hand down stiff sentences in the relatively few prostitution cases that end in conviction. Running a two-week revolving jail for ladies of the night hardly seems worth the effort to meet justice. In addition, the case of often being heated arguments from feminist and civil-libertarian groups who have adopted the cause of prostitution as a "right to work" issue.

The American Civil Liberties Union, which habitually argues from abstract principle rather than from reality, wants to decriminalize all prostitution activities. This has led to such patent absurdities as the New York branch of the organization defending the right of transvestite prostitutes to terrorize a city-subsidized, middle-income housing project designed to rehabilitate the Times Square area. Despite the obvious hazards of sex-for-sale with skirts and switchblades, an ACLU spokesman pro-

posed the *John Hour*, few men have actually been punished. Since the inception of New York state's law two years ago, only 408 Johns have been convicted. In keeping with its policy, the New York affiliate of the ACLU is threatening to sue the city over the *John Hour*, claiming, in the words of spokesman Daniel K. Hirsch, that "The mayor's selling his own personal scheme of punishment to that of the judicial system."

Whether or not the courts finally decide that the *John Hour* is a punishment appropriate to the crime, it remains glaringly obvious that market sex has historically resisted every imaginable form of social control. Mario Cuomo, Koch's opponent in the mayoral election and now lieutenant-governor of New York state, unquestionably had the most realistic perspective on the problem when he noted: "On the walls of Egyptian tombs in hieroglyphs are scratched the names and addresses of prostitutes. There are some problems that government is not designed to handle."

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(15 Pedesini)

1 1/2 oz. Scotch or rye

1/2 oz. Amaretto di Saronno

Stir in an old-fashioned glass over ice

The Bombino

1 oz. Amaretto di Saronno

1 oz. rosemary

1 oz. vodka

Shake well with crushed ice. Strain and serve in champagne glass.

Write for our free recipe booklet to: Saronno Agencies Ltd., 8095 Dundas St. W., Suite 125, Toronto, Ontario

Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

By David Thomas

Claude Morin is sure of the answer: it's the question that's blowing in the wind. Sometimes, at night, in the seclusion of his suburban bungalow, Morin scribbles out trial questions, juggling words to come up with just the right combination that will elicit the YES he is so certain of winning from the people of Quebec: "I wish lack to anyone looking for a question written by me," Morin says. "It doesn't exist. I immediately burn the paper in my fireplace."

So, the stance of the referendum question is not—as most observers suspect—hidden in the government's white paper on sovereignty-association. In-

stead, it's diffused in the smoke that rises from Morin's chimney and drifts over Quebec City's suburb of Ste Foy, where a spreading patch of residential streets is hatched by expressways and spotted by unavailability shopping centres. This is the territory prized by both sides the house of Quebec's mainstream, the middle-class professionals and housewives who temper their desire for a stronger, prouder Quebec with a strong dose of the pragmatism that comes with \$400,000 mortgages, two cars and a driveway that needs repaving.

Claude Morin is the kind of neighbor such people are comfortable with. Pensive, 50, a day-of-yourself furniture maker with five children still living at

home, Morin is, above all, respectful. As minister of inter-governmental affairs and ministerial behind Quebec's June, 1980, referendum as a secession from Canada, the loyal family man must deal with his province's bizarre tradition of wearing a smug identity to two statuses. Morin knows that, given the choice, many Quebecers would answer his referendum question with a resolute maybe.

Fortunately for the Parti Québécois government, Morin is at ease with ambiguity. His masculine grin is the Cheshire cat's, and his clever, seductive logic is as confounding as the rabbit holes, croquet grounds and mad tea parties of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

It was Morin who devised the premise of a referendum on independence, thus permitting Quebecers to elect a PQ government without according it authority to separate the province from Canada. But if the referendum fails to unleash another struggle toward independence, Morin and his boss, Premier René Lévesque, may hear the party faithful, like an indignant Queen of Hearts, shouting "Off with these heads!" But after 15 years at the highest levels of Quebec's perilous politics, Morin has learned the art of self-protection. "I never write down anything. There is no internal government document setting out my strategy or ideas on anything else. I've seen too well how government works and if I'm asked to write something for my own use or to pass on information, I never sign my name." Then, in case of the incongruity that spangle his conversations, Morin raises from his stretchers, marches to his desk and proceeds to prove that he doesn't sign papers after all. "There's one document I always keep with me, in case I'm attacked," says the minister, peering into the recesses of his briefcase. "Yes, here it is, the last secret document I wrote for Robert Bourassa on Feb. 16, 1981. I predicted what would happen at the June constitutional conference and how he would have to react."

At that time Morin was deputy minister of intergovernmental affairs and chief constitutional adviser to Bourassa, the young Liberal premier who scrapped the last serious attempt, in Victoria, or '71, to patriate Canada's constitution. Former prime minister Pierre Trudeau's federalist allies suspected Morin then of being a closet separatist, a saboteur of efforts to make federalism attractive to Quebecers. Morin will not discuss the contents of that key paper he carries about like a loaded pistol, but it's

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Morin in Wonderland



PHOTO BY DAVID THOMAS

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Every great Bloody Mary has a silent partner.

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Frontlines



A spirit to last

By Stephen Kimber

Five politicians entered through the door from smelter rooms, and their voices on the radio, looking green and full of gloom.

"Boys," the boss was said, "You were called into this room to be told there are no jobs and you should leave this land of doom. There'll be no new industries here and those warehouse streets are paved with gold."

So get out while the getting's good or before you have to be told. —Johnston Boggs by Kenzie MacNeil

I was, credited a troubled Nova Scotia Minister of Development Ralph Thorsbøl, "the worst thing a politician ever has to do. But really, what was

the choice?" Baffled with a cunning, sporty-like-actor steel plant, which stands on release of a half-billion dollars to make it efficient, and already staggering under the weight of an accumulated debt of \$300 million—not to mention new loans piling up at the rate of \$1.20 million more a week.—Thorsbøl made his Holston's choice. He announced that the provincially owned Sydney Steel Corporation (Syseco) would lay off 800 of its 5,200-man work force at the beginning of this month.

Cape Breton has become a Canadian megalopolis for economic hardship. So it seemed strange that, although the steel plant is the crucial centerpiece of the economy and although unemployment is already 14.6 per cent, Thorsbøl's somber pronouncement was greeted with little more than eerie silence from the general population. True, there were pro forma expressions of concern from union and church leaders as well as the expected blatherings from local politicians, but Cape Breton now seems almost lulled in the inevitability of bad news.

Cape Bretoners have been down this road before. In the '50s, after oil-fired federal bureaucracy prematurely an-

nounced the death of king coal, Cape Breton's other economic lifeline, they were urged to abandon the island and to find their futures in the ever-growing big cities of the mainland. Most stayed put. (Cape without a job in Cape Breton seemed infinitely preferable to being without a home in Calgary.) And now, thanks to spiralling world oil prices, coal is making a slow comeback. That again in 1987 Cape Breton was given last rites when the Dominion Steel and Coal Company, the former owners of the steel plant, got fed up with its losses and simply walked away. But the provincial government, fearing the economic chaos that would inevitably result from a shutdown of the plant, quickly established a Crown corporation to keep Cape Breton's main employer alive.

Ever since, although there has become a political football treading perilously between election-prizing boom and between-election bust, Cape Bretoners have refused to take their own obitaries seriously. They have built up cultural barriers against despair: there is in Cape Breton, an unshakable opti-



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What cars should be is what Rabbits have always been.

The joy ride's ending

Most will cling to their gas-guzzlers until it really hurts.

Car buyers blamed for gas guzzler

Car makers search for more efficient and lighter models

TO A
GLOBAL
CAR

Love affair with c
hits us in the wall

TIME
THE ENERGY MESS
Oil, Gas & a Hostile GOP

11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2689-2693.

We couldn't help but notice the number of newspaper and magazine articles, written by automotive experts and futurists, that take a look at tomorrow and paint a picture of what we can expect cars to be in five years, fifteen years, twenty years.

And while we aren't surprised by what was predicted, we are pleased by what they see. Because in these "cars of tomorrow," they're really seeing the Volkswagen Rabbit of today. And that didn't happen purely by chance. It was strictly by design.

"Detroit spends \$70 billion retooling for the automobile of the future."
BusinessWeek, November 1978

Now that Detroit is beginning to produce lighter, more efficient cars to meet the needs of 1985, it's impor-

ton! To point out that in 1975 Volkswagen was already producing the car to meet those needs.

The Volkswagen Rabbit
A design, that for the first time ever,
combined economy,
performance, and
roominess in one
vehicle as affordable.

An ever-changing sign of the times



When the rear seat folds down,
more space goes up.

should be said, however, is how acceleration has been coupled with economy. The Robbie zips from 0 to 80 km/h in a mere 8.3 seconds.

"Carburetors will be displaced by fuel injection systems,"
Executive Magazine, November 1978

What's viewed to be standard equipment on cars of the future, can be seen on the Volkswagen Rabbit right now.

An efficient fuel injection system is but one. Front wheel drive for less weight and more traction is another, as is an anti-sliding device, a passive restraint system, an electronically driven fan belt to save fuel, and more. All available on the Rabbit truck.

"The Joy Ride is Ending"

Los Angeles Star July 8, 1977

The demise of the "traditional" longer car, as we know it, is inevitable. And, in true Volkswagen fashion, while large luxury car makers are trying to make smaller cars, we've made our so-called small car more luxurious. The Rabbit's front seats are anthropologically designed and fully reclining. The Rabbit's carpeting is luxurious and tough at the same time. And thanks to light wheel drive, there's no awkward hump under foot.

There's four wheel independent suspension for a smooth ride and an abundance of sound deadening insulation for a quiet ride. And, the Volkswagen Rabbit is really only small on the outside. There's plenty of elbow room for four large adults, even 6-footers. With the rear seat folded down, there's more cargo space than in

Sand
Silt
Sandstone
Clay
(Shale)
Clay
Sandstone
Sandstone
Sandstone
Sandstone

many of the so-called large cars.
So when you finally give up your large car, you don't give up a thing. The Volkswagen Rabbit is a joy to drive. "If you drive a Volkswagen Rabbit, you're already into the car-type of tomorrow!"
Journal of Systems Management
January 1979

All in all, the Volkswagen Rabbit is one fine automobile worthy of your consideration. The place to find it is your Volkswagen Dealer. The time to find it is right now.



^aAccording to laboratory increasing efforts required with age and 2 raised manual examinations that consumption will vary depending on body and when physical condition and/or current consumption and condition of the sex.

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Frontlines

mean that the great, protective John-
son-Brown is just around the corner
And rise the sky liner, the western
rains of

*And up from the waters of the big
Bass of the*

*And the Johnson-Brown over the
shore*

to the house and through the door,

and up

Don't you tempt my children,

let them live where they belong

In the life of a sailing boat,

let's say so, oh so happy song

With the old ghost of the sea is such

a last night scene

then the waters are not meeting down

the highway

and a sea is coming and sweeping their

boat

Oh oh

If music like that song by Kerwin
Maclean could chase away Cape Breton's
seasonal blues, they would have
been long gone by now. In spite of a life
that is both hard-scrabble and just plain
hard, Cape Bretoners have developed a
proud, defiant, rich and thriving culture
that is all their own. Like Quebec
and Newfoundland—the only other re-
mains of the country that can lay claim
to an equally distinctive popular culture—
Cape Breton's culture is very much a culture of oppression: what the
island's musicians, writers and actors
share with their sadness is an abiding
sense of "them against us."

"Them" includes all mainland politicians,
Halifax businessmen, Toronto
magazine writers, outside academics,
and anyone else who can't imagine the
poor of the province/here. It's the
poor and the poor/TV inside the life of
your culture. (From *Song of the
Marble* by Alexander MacGillivray)

Historically, Cape Breton's culture is
rooted in the mining, logging, good-
time traditions of Scotland, where the
ancestors of 90 per cent of the island's
370,000 people originally came from.
That influence has been tempered over
the generations by the experience of
men who have worked in the service of
"outside" owners in the island's mines
and steel mills. The result is a culture
that can be proud, self-mocking and re-
solute almost at the same time.

"What has impressed me most about
Cape Breton," says Silver Donald Cameron,
a Toronto-born academic and
writer who has lived in Cape Breton for
nearly 20 years, "is that people here care
about what you do as a writer. There's
this whole thread that runs through the
rest of 20th-century literature of the
writer as alien, as an outside critic, but
that is absolutely not true in Cape Bre-

SOME COMFORTING FACTS ABOUT PHILISHAVE.

1 When choosing an electric shaver the most important thing to remember is that the heart of any shaver is its head. With the Philishave system there is not one, but three floating heads that flex to meet you face to face. Beneath the three floating heads are 36 precisely angled cutting edges that rotate at incredible speeds to cleanly and closely slice off whiskers without any nipping or pulling. The unique and patented rotary system lets you get as close to your face as you'll probably ever want to be. Comfortably. Ask any man who shaves with one.

2 Working on the premise that if all faces were created the same we would all look the same, we created an adjustable control that has nine different settings for a multitude of different faces. Turn the control to setting 1 and the Philishave system will take care of heavy, hard to shave beards. Turn it to setting 9 and it will look after light beards and delicate skins. Turn it to any of the settings in between,



**BEFORE YOU MAKE
ANY RASH DECISIONS.**

and it will give close comfort to any of the many faces in between.

3 With the Philishave system, taking care of sideburns isn't a side line. We believe that well groomed moustaches and sideburns are an integral part of a well groomed face. Therefore, our trimmer is an integral part of the Philishave system. When needed, it pops up for use. When not needed it tucks away beautifully.

4 The next thing to notice about a Philishave is that when you hold it the angle of its face matches the angle of your face. This means it's as convenient to use as it is comfortable.

That fact, and the three which preceded it, are all based on the idea that the purchase of an electric shaver shouldn't be a rash decision. Which is undoubtedly why more men have formed a close relationship with Philishave than any other electric shaving system in the world.

PHILIPS



Frontlines

son. Here you are part of the larger community and there's a feeling among people that what you do as a writer or as a musician is done with them and for them. That, I think, is where the real strength of the culture comes from."

Cameron is now written-in-residence at the College of Cape Breton, an institution that is at the very centre of Cape Breton's cultural renaissance. Established just five years ago after half a century of bitter complaints about the lack of a university on the island, the college combines apprenticeship trades training and technical and university undergraduate programs with an increasing passion for preserving and promoting all things Cape Breton. "It's the most innovative and interesting college I've seen in my life," says Cameron, "I've seen seven others from the



barons who have controlled Cape Breton's resources and possibilities for generations, self-deprecating "Caper" humor, subjects of local history and gendef songs, and it was a watershed in the development of the local culture. "I still hear Cape Bretoners trying to explain themselves to outsiders," marvels Kenzie MacNeil, a singer-songwriter and one of the creators of the show, "and eventually they'll suggest that the person listen to the AOR and Father after. That's what I think, they'll say."

MacNeil is typical of the post-John Allen Cameron generation of Cape Breton musicians. Although he was offered contracts by several major record companies during a brief, early-'70s flirtation with national fame as a frequent guest on CBC Radio's *This Country* is

Sycsa plant (above); collars in Glace Bay
carving off shift down this road before

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Romance Series
at these
Hammond Dealers**

[illegible][illegible]

QUESTIONS

[illegible]

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K. S. Srinivasan, S. S. Srinivasan, and S. S. Srinivasan

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 Raymond C. Ogden, President
 April 1, 1994
 Mike Harty

- a. $L = \text{Cable} \times \text{Speed} \times \text{Latency}$
- b. $L = \text{Cable} \times \text{Speed} \times \text{Latency}^2$
- c. $L = \text{Cable} \times \text{Speed} \times \text{Latency}$
- d. $L = \text{Cable} \times \text{Speed} \times \text{Latency}$
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the Morning, he spared the opportunity. "I would have had to move to Toronto, change my style, change my material, get the nicotine stains off my fingers and have my teeth capped," he says. "When you've decided that your audience is here, that these are the people you want to reach, then there's really no point in going with a big national company." Like a number of Cape Breton's popular rock acts, MacNeil has opted to produce his own album for mainly Maritime distribution.

Silver Donald Cameron says that, thanks to songwriters such as MacNeil and local rock groups such as Buddy and the Boys and Sam Moore—two bands that, although virtually unknown nationally, are midway major Canadian acts in most Maritime communities—there is now "a Cape Breton sound in music that is distinctive." He says that even rock groups now include Cape Breton's ubiquitous fiddle music in their rock. "It's old material," he says. "When a group like Buddy and the Boys puts those two elements together," says MacNeil, "the audience reaction is just incredible. Now that the big record companies have gone through rap and Appalachian music, I wouldn't be surprised to see them finally discover Cape Breton music."



Steel City Players in "Rise and Fiddle" refusing to take the obnoxious seriously.

...it's one of the few original styles of music left."

Though understandably delighted at the recent flowering of his native culture, MacNeil worries about its future direction. "Right now there's defiance, but there's also joyousness. The danger is that, because of the way Cape Bretoners have historically seen themselves treated by mainlanders, the defiance

could someday become straight paranoia."

For now, however, there is still the hope expressed in MacNeil's own Johnstown Raggy, that the future is bound to be better.

Well, I was rather young as I staggered past the boys
Well the dream I just dreamt
made me hope I'd find a way to stay
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- 1975 Albie Barkin, Calgary
- 1974 Tom Wilkinson, Edmonton
- 1973 George McGowan, Edmonton
- 1972 Garney Henley, Hamilton
- 1971 Don Jarvis, Winnipeg
- 1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1969 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Bill Seymour, Toronto
- 1967 Peter Luber, Calgary
- 1966 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Lowell Lockwood, Calgary
- 1963 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 George Dixon, Montreal
- 1961 Bernie Palmer, Hamilton
- 1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1959 Alvin Bright, Saskatchewan
- 1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1956 Hal Prosser, Montreal
- 1955 Pat Abruzzo, Montreal
- 1954 Sam Edwards, Montreal
- 1953 Billy Russell, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1978 Ray Norrish, B.C.
- 1977 John Collins, Calgary
- 1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1974 John LaGrone, Edmonton
- 1973 Ken Levesque, Ottawa
- 1972 Ed McQueen, Saskatchewan
- 1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1969 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1968 John Barrow, Hamilton
- 1967 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1966 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1965 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1964 Ken Laan, Calgary
- 1963 Ken Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1962 Ken Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1961 Ted Goulter, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1978 Ray Norrish, B.C.
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Don Taylor, Montreal
- 1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1978 Dave Tennell, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Knapley, Edmonton
- 1976 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1975 Art Corrigan, Toronto
- 1974 John Hobbs, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1978 Joe Poplawski, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Hayler, B.C.
- 1976 John Seavay, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Clement, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Cuperovich, Toronto
- 1973 John Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Kelly, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1975 Al Foley, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Ogden, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Easthead, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Salmons, Winnipeg
- 1967 Terry Easthead, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Zeno Kura, Hamilton
- 1964 Tammy Grant, Hamilton
- 1963 Ken Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harvey Wyle, Calgary
- 1961 Tony Poplawski, Calgary
- 1960 Ken Salmons, Ottawa
- 1959 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1958 Ken Howell, Hamilton
- 1957 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1956 Norman Kwong, Edmonton
- 1955 Norman Kwong, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg



Schenley Awards Inc.

Take it from the teacher

Sheila Morrison is a tiny, implacable woman whose anger is a force of nature. Her life is devoted to helping thousands of children in public schools with learning disabilities—a condition she has dubbed "the blackboard bangle." Morrison's temper and life's work coincided six years ago after she scored a simple spelling test, and only six of 480 adolescents received perfect marks. She stormed a school-board meeting that night, asking the Ontario public-teaching system over the heads of her son, and tongue and indignation to bring with anyone over teaching practices have made her a leading light in the movement to teach properly children who have learning disabilities.

The controversy over teaching these children—who may be words and sentences backwards, are persistently unruly or seem simply unable to learn despite at least "normal" intelligence—has raged for years and has brought some changes in the system. Just this autumn, the Ontario ministry of education made it mandatory for schools to test children for disabilities at the kindergarten level, and the ministry is working on a plan whereby special education would be offered by all Ontario school boards. Finally, the Ontario government, this autumn, opened the country's first government-supported residential school for students with severe learning disabilities. Called Trillium, it's in Milton, west of Toronto.

Morrison's contribution to the debate—apart from opening her own school in Alliston, 30 miles north of Toronto, two years ago—has been a consistent, clear message that public-school literacy has been created by the abandonment of old-fashioned discipline, drill in the classroom and an emphasis on the "basics." According to Ontario's Association for Children with Learning Disabilities, studies estimate that at least 25 per cent of all North American children are, to some degree, disabled. In other words, they cannot learn in modern classrooms even though they are of average, or better, intelligence. "It's not the kids, it's the schools," says Morrison. "They weren't born that way—they're the product of lousy teaching." (This year's programs in Ontario appear to be an attempt to reverse that situation.)

Others argue that some learning disabilities are caused by unsettled home lives and pathological conditions. But whatever the theory, Morrison's actions are drawing steady attention to the Sheila Morrison School. Despite spurious circumstances (the school is still under development) and fees of \$6,000 a year, it now has 50 students, 17 teachers and two campuses, at Alliston and nearby Leffrey. Parents from across the country have enrolled their youngsters, because the school provides a program of intensive remedial instruction in reading, writing, spelling, composition, grammar and mathematics. Class sizes are limited to three pupils, and each student receives 40 minutes of private tutoring a day.

As a result, children like Greg Morrison, a 16-year-old from Owen Sound with above-average intelligence, are advancing rapidly. Morrison flourished for years in a public school and read at a Grade 1 level a year ago. Yet he was Sheila Morrison's father's boy-of-the-year in June because he jumped three grade levels in one year.

The key to Morrison School's success in its group of dedicated teachers. They hold classes in closets and stairwells because space is cramped, sleep in basement rooms, eat three meals a day with their students, help with evening homework, supervise weekend outings and wipe away the tears of midnight homesickness—all for \$6,000 a year plus room and board.

The road to establishing this school was long and trying for Morrison. In 1975 she retired from teaching in the public system, ending a career which spanned four decades. Encouraged by her husband of 25 years, Roderick Morrison, she decided to open a non-profit school. The couple put their modest homestead up as collateral and rented a shabby, 40-acre farm for the school.

The rural municipality involved, Alliston, was not to the idea. "They thought we'd be another group home for delinquents," she says. And when two 10-room modular units rolled into town for use as dormitories, the township took her to court.

But Morrison saw the fight through with the same spirit that once inspired her to tell her boss, the chairman of Toronto's North York Board of Education, to sit still and to spit out his gum while she talked—at a public meeting. And while some people may quarrel with her attitude on the public-education system, few can deny that her teaching qualities and her theories as teaching have set an admirable example of how to link theory to practice in an area where so many are still busy delving theory. **Diane Francis**

Morrison at Leffrey School, overlooking the "blackboard bangle" with the basics.

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Frontlines

Recipe for survival: just add noodles



The people of Moosebank, Saskatchewan (population, 469), don't have to look very far to recognize their problem. Like many small rural communities across the province, it was being strangled of its youth, who were being forced to move to cities in their search for jobs. Mayor Donald Hartzelmann says the exodus became painfully vivid on long holiday weekends, when "all you would see would be yellow and black Alberta license plates"—belonging to ex-residents back for a visit.

But unlike other towns apathetically resigned to stagnation and slow death, Moosebank decided that it could defend itself against the destructive trend. That was six years ago. Last month that doggedly blueprinted town commercial pride with the official opening of Moosebank Foods Ltd., an industry that has brought 23 jobs to the farming community. Situated in a new 7,000-square-foot building (the plant cost a little more than \$1 million), Moosebank Foods now churns out Japanese noodles, Okinawan-style, under the brand name of Riddles.

The incongruous notion of producing Eastern snacks in the West's breadbasket was the brainchild of David Laage, who he was the MTA for the Moosebank area. On a trip to Japan several years ago he was struck by the popularity of the slippery noodle-bowl, and it occurred to him that oriental noodles could be made in Saskatchewan, preferably in his home town of Moosebank. Af-

ter all, the ingredients of flour and Canola (rapeseed) oil that went into the making of noodles in Japan were imported from Saskatchewan. The eager townsfolk jumped at the idea upon Laage's return, pledged \$60,000, and Moosebank Foods was on its way.

Once the noodle idea took hold, the community acted quickly. A board of directors was formed and Wally Meil, a local farmer, was sent on a fact-finding mission to noodle factories in the Far East. Upon his return, the group contracted a Calgary consulting firm to put together a marketing plan. That in turn brought the credit facility necessary to get a loan of \$746,000 from the provincial government and a department of regional economic expansion (DERE) grant of \$397,000.

The final link in the chain was Armour Foods (Canada) Ltd., which provided the expertise and agreed to a joint venture on a 50/50 basis with the people of Moosebank. In beef, chicken and pork flavors—will soon be sold in supermarkets across the West and in Ontario. Already, too, there is talk of a profit for the townsfolk, over and above the jobs they have gained. "Most of the 279 shareholders in town gave money more as a contribution than investment," claims Meil, who is company president. "But let's face it, Armour Foods is not here because it likes the community. If they make money, we make money."

Dale Eider

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Raising a glass to a bar boom

Men who go down to the sea in ships have been known, along the way, to stray to the occasional tavern. Kiting wrote that they went to spit, smoke and tell lies, another 18th-century commentator called the tradition only natural, since a sailor's sole duty above was to "take as much pleasure as he can." They're still taking pleasure, especially on the waterfront of St. John's, Newfoundland, which has what is probably the greatest concentration of bars in the country. And with the recent irruption of worldly aging workers (see *Men*, Sept. 12, 1989) into the establishments, the realization that the area is increasingly cosmopolitan and colorful is making quick work of the old stereotypes of St. John's stodginess.

There are more than 80 bars along less than three-quarters of a mile of Water Street, just one block removed from the waterfront, and the tight pattern—including Scottish and British pubs, disco and folk-music houses, rock clubs, blues clubs and jazz clubs—holds true for the nearby streets as well. Unlike other Canadian seaports, the St. John's harbor is open to the public. It is not bordered by the slummy seamen-

A multiethnic pub in St. John's, making quick work of the city's old stereotypes.



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Frontlines

land of warehouses and train tracks common elsewhere. The open atmosphere is reflected in the bars as well, where fisheries observers just in from the Grand Banks, tanker captains, Japanese fishermen, German sailors and oil investors are common customers.

This past year a new clientele has emerged, linked to the tremendous as-

Japanese fishermen at an open-air bar on the waterfront: no need for self-defence.



tivity in off-shore oil. Hundreds of men pass through the city every few weeks on their way to and from the oil rigs, and in the meantime the men who work the supply ships spend their idle hours in the bars. These men wear at home, says St. John's in the first newspaper print of them have worked where they are not forced to walk around in groups of four or five, for self-defence. The city is dotted with the type of place where they can leave their chips on the bar during a trip to the washrooms and find it intact later.

The foreign fishermen, for the most part, prefer the city's "boozie" bars and, although the language barrier hampers communication, their presence adds a unique atmosphere. The Russians, clutching plastic bags full of new blue jeans, do their drinking in quiet groups of three or four. Their drinking is a serious affair—chugging shots of neat liquor. The Spanish and Portuguese represent the largest segment of the foreign fishermen, but they have only recently begun to leave their own cultural centre for evenings on the town.

The waterfront bars of St. John's are not teeming with blarney, but they present a colorful way of taking the vibrant polyglot pulse of the old city—a fact that might have surprised Kipling.

Robert Plunkin

Frontlines

The land of milk and money

So Big Business has tried to supplant nature by concocting a better infant's milk, the Mother's Milk Formula for Health (Oct. 18). And thousands of babies are dying as a result. How many more unnecessary deaths from industrial-spawned poison must there be before our legislators demand that a social accounting become part of every business' balance sheet?

D.F. WELSHCHER, CLAREMONT, ALTA

What a fantastic advertising gimmick for Nestlé's infant formula. A new mother doesn't enough "free" formula so that her own milk dries up, thus making it necessary for her to stay with the artificial product for good. Surely Nestlé knows that supplementing breast-feeding with formula usually results in a complete transfer to the latter because the body is not allowed to naturally compensate for the infant's increased needs. Given the choice, most babies prefer the bottle because it requires less sucking effort on their part. I think I'll start a boycott of my own.

RUTH GARTHE, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Kid stuff

I thoroughly enjoyed reading your article on upcoming TV programs *The New Sonnet* (Sept. 24). In our area, the pseudo-psychic monologue of *Beyond Reason and Reason* of All in the Family are being shown—notice of which, in my opinion, is suitable for young children. I think that the CBC should have its corporate kiosk in firmly ripped for



CBO 'WOW!' gang knuckles forrapping

dropping children's programming in the after-school slot. This coming season, if the CBC has its act back, it could at least show some variety of children's programs.

BARBARA CANNING, HEDLEYLAND, ONT.

He, she and sympathy

Barbara Amiel's column *Today, Courtesy of the Wolfswart*, *Queen's Can Get You Special Status* (Oct. 8) was so outstanding as to move me to write you this letter. My lifelong experience leads me to the following observations. It has always been, and still is, difficult for women to make their way in the business world, and to achieve positions of higher responsibility they have had to work much harder than their male

counterparts. But, if they really wanted to achieve, they have succeeded. In any enterprise the proportion of men and women with inherent intelligence is about equal. It is nonsense to think about inferiority of intellect in either sex. I have never had any sympathy for stupid, lazy men or women who complained about inherent inferiority. First, I do not believe in the necessity for, or effectiveness of, any organized drive to place women into advantageous positions to make a career. Such organizations or institutions are usually brainchildren of smart persons who frequently persevere through their own interests. Although their ideas might be sensible and even of some use to the society, the organizations serve mainly the organizers and administration. These grow into self-perpetuating bodies with a main purpose to provide the positions and jobs for the organizers and administrators.

JINDRKA BRAN, BATAVIA, ONT.

The acid touch

Congratulations to Jane O'Hara's appointment to your Ottawa bureau. Her terrific reporting, *Sherry Goes the Road That Sells the Crown* (Oct. 8), sharpened with the acid distilled from her experience of shattering the Toronto scene, is just what our elected representatives need to keep them on their toes.

KIM KRIST, LAKESIDE, ONT.

Editorial essence

As a reader of Maclean's for many years, the first article I turn to is always Peter C. Newman's editorial

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which, for me, sets out in clear logic the essence of what is happening in Canada. The next thing I read is Allan Fotheringham's column. With keen insight and wit, he lays bare the anatomy of Canada and its people. Some readers may not wish to know what we are really like, but if we are to reach maturity as a country, self-knowledge is the first requirement. Fotheringham's column on Toronto was superb.

BOB CALDWELL, THUNDER BAY

Rural roots

As much as I appreciated André McNeill's insights in his article *The Seeds of Insecurity* (Oct. 11), I am obliged to confess that, contrary to the article's implication, I am not a full-time farmer. The dig your piece came out as we were establishing ourselves on 35 acres of Prairie woods near Brandon and—though we aspire to growing most of our own food and, when, marketing a little extra

through the Brandon Farmers' Market—this is a far cry from a typical Prairie farm. My only genetic resources are revealed in our daughter and my only proprietary genes are blue. Since your researchers inquired specifically about my rural status, I hope the error can be corrected in honor of this country's real farmers. Maybe someday...

FAY BROWN MURPHY, BRANDON, MAN.

Pressing on

Despite the death of *The Montreal Star*, (A Shocked Flash in Paris West, Oct. 8), our city still has three superior dailies (see English, two French). New York City, the media capital of the world, with almost three times Montreal's population, supports only three daily English newspapers including two mediocre tabloids.

GERARD LAVIGLIERE, MONTREAL

Mind over matter

As a member of *Nomads Canada*, R.B. Westergaard comments (Letters, Oct. 22) that French speakers should "sense the threat of an assimilated language on others." This provides further evidence that high-hip-scovers are not the elite of our country in terms of tolerance or understanding. Would that the pretentious would quit showing their "superior" insight down our throats.

MARINA AND PAMLA DAVINE, DORCHESTER

The last chord

A coda to Peter C. Newman's piece *The Final Hours of Artistic vs. Political (Sept. 10)* on Stan Kenton could read: "That... was an orchestra!"

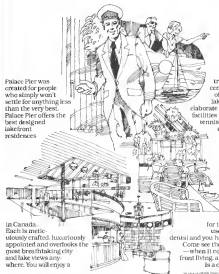
FRANK W. WILCH, TORONTO

Sorry, Charlie

I am a longtime salmon tona eater and I've finally got a handle on why the price is so high (\$1.48 for a seven-ounce can, and due to rise, so I've heard, another 15 to 20 cents in the next month or two). Instead of arresting U.S. fishermen for catching salmon in Canadian waters (A Shocked Flash Approach to a Territorial Supremacy, Sept. 16), why don't we fish for them? Your article states: "There are no Canadian processing facilities for the rarely caught tona..." I've searched the grocery shelves in vain for Canadian salmon (it all seems to come from Japan). I would prefer to see a Canadian-catch product but, failing that, wouldn't it be cheaper to buy from the U.S.? Is this stupid or am I missing something?

JOHN FADYEN, THUNDER BAY

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Frontlines

Fine art from stone and stencil

For Louis de Novelle, it's "like starting a new love affair." After 20 years as a painter, the Toronto artist has taken on a new medium, the complicated process of fine art printing. De Novelle couldn't go it alone—in September he turned for help to Open Studio, a King Street West atelier where master printer Nick Novak transformed the artist's visions into a reality of ink and paper.

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Frontlines

The result of their collaboration is a whimsical lithograph of floating animals and angels, commissioned by the Royal Ontario Museum for its fundraising drive. With that print already bought and selling with five other Canadian works at \$2,500, de Nierville has now returned to Open Studio, where his passion began. This time, his print will be his own.

Canada's pioneering printmaking co-operatives, Open Studio was set up as a storefront operation in 1979 by artists Richard Sewell and Barbara Hill. Its original annual budget of \$3,000 has grown in its 16th year to \$200,000. Now 40 members pay a monthly fee for the use of facilities in third-floor, walk-up premises. They produce original prints in three fields: serigraphy, also known as silkscreen (prints made from stencils), lithography (prints from a chemically processed stone), and etchings (prints from copper and zinc plates).

On a typical, bustling afternoon, the workshop smells of ink and solvents and there's a woman in a back room wearing a ski mask as she washes up. In one corner of the maze-like loft, Ben Bell checks his lithograph of a weather-vane. Nova Scotia fishermen, freshly "pulled" from a 1700 stave. In another, silversmith artist Judy Gouin wipes an eighth layer of color across the last of 49 copies of a photo-like forest scene. Without the investment in equipment made by Open Studio over the years (Gouin's apertures cost \$2,000), few of the members could afford to pursue their craft.

The print market has mushroomed since the early days of Open Studio, a trend that assistant co-ordinator Wendy Knox-Leet attributes to "the baby-boom generation looking for Canadian art for their homes and offices." Compared to other original forms of art, prints are still relatively cheap—generally from \$80 to \$150 for the works of Open Studio artists, although a Blaud Klunder print now being lithographed with some 25 colors will sell in the \$600 range.

In the metal drawers of the studio's archives lie some 2,500 prints, copies of every piece produced at the workshop since it began. In the works is a huge exhibition, complete with demonstrations, to be held at Harbourfront next fall. But first, as more artists, like de Nierville, fall in love with printmaking, there's again a problem of overcrowding to deal with. "We never expected everything to take off like this," says co-ordinator Jim Nock, looking for open space in the 4,000 square feet that looked so roomy when Open Studio moved in six years ago.

Constance Brisson

THE ENERGY CRISIS

It has been six years since the 1973 Arab oil embargo, and Canadians have finally admitted a simple truth: there is no more cheap energy. Now, there is a tougher new reality: expensive energy or no energy at all. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed may have been the one finally to awaken Canadians with his Vancouver ultimatum last week: "Pay any price, or no price, or buy elsewhere." That price, as revealed in a secret memorandum of understanding cited in this 18-page Maclean's special report, will mean, says Senator Writter Roy MacGregor, an increase of 120 per cent in the cost of crude oil by 1983. Add Ottawa's likely 30-cent rate in the excise tax and by 1983 a gallon of gas will cost \$1.50.

But price is not the only problem. The free world consumes 62 million barrels of oil a day, with a present daily production shortfall of two million barrels. Canada, too, is becoming more dangerously dependent on the vagaries of world pricing and supply with a net import bill, now at \$2.4 billion, which could reach a jaw-dropping \$16 billion by 1990. High prices and squeezed supply have not, however, dampened demand. Canadians are more energy per person than people in any other country. And the van view persists that Canada will escape strangulation by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) by fortuitously striking a large new field of oil in commercial quantity.

Yet, as Washington Bureau Chief Ian Urquhart writes, the U.S. waits, and is posturing as for, even more of what we increasingly don't have. Further, while there may be abundant natural gas, dis-



A special report

tribution systems are insufficient, as another report says, to reach huge chunks of Canada's hydro, after initial costs, in cheap but the La Grande project at James Bay will likely be the last development in Canada of its size. Oil sands plants and heavy oil schemes are slow to start and remain plagued with technical problems. A real comeback is

hindered by environmental concerns. Commercial solar and wind schemes remain hard dreams. Nuclear, expensive to build but perhaps the best solution for the future, brings outbreaks of misapprehension and evokes a host of unwanted troubles. A great reward, but giant risks.

Pessimism is all too easy as the trannies accumulate gas station lineups coupled with soaring corporate profits, concerned politicians looking out for the consumer while taking 50 per cent of the price of gas at the pump. But the search for villains blocks the hunt for ways out of the dilemma, both the financial and the mundane. Moving Canadian prices toward world prices is part of the solution, but it still remains dead-end oil crises that the oil shortage will continue during this decade.

There is, oddly, a problem of plenty: wealth recycling 3-4% in the baskets of cash flowing to the other nations straining international banking, the money flowing to Alberta will stretch the frail fabric that is Canada in the 1980s. The energy crisis has become a crisis of Confederation itself with intense pressures among three Progressive Conservative leaders, as reported by Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis. As Prime Minister Joe Clark sets a date for a first ministers' meeting next week, this special report, organized by Senior Editor Angela Perrault, examines the options and questions, the prevailing attitudes and possible solutions. From Parliament to pipelines, from drilling rigs to dining rooms, the question is not: can we afford winter? It is this: can we afford failure? **Roderick McQueen**

\$26.90 on July 1, 1983, whereas the Chicago price will be even higher than at \$29.01 a barrel. It is therefore possible to conclude that Canadian prices might one day rival world prices, yet remain slightly below U.S. levels. Such a remarkable scenario would permit Joe Clark the luxury of living up to his Tokyo summit promise to raise domestic prices to world levels while at the same time arguing that Canadians are better off than Americans.

Surprisingly, as the final decision comes closer to completion, price may not be even the most disputed point. With a \$5-a-barrel measure being predicted as late summer, most Canadians are resigned to paying at least \$1.99 for a gallon of gas by 1983. They may not, however, be anticipating some of the other suggestions contained in the report, including:

• A proposed royal commission "to study the distribution of resources in Canada." For now, however, the document proposes that the controversial 45-46-10 split (in royalties will remain—45 per cent going to the producing provinces, 45 per cent to industry and 10 per cent to Ottawa.

• An entire tax for conservation which, the document argues, "would be substantially increased." This, presumably, covers the 30-cent-per-gallon tax increase on gasoline sold which Ottawa has been talking and which Ontario Premier William Davis has already labelled "a wild attack" on his province. It is estimated that Ottawa would reap between \$1.4 billion and \$1.5 billion annually on every 30 cents of



increased levy, and more than \$4.5 billion a year would go a long way toward paying off such vastly expensive campaign pledges as the mortgage deductibility scheme, \$5 billion in personal tax cuts and other asserted goodies.

• Creation of a national energy bank, at one time intended to be owned by Alberta, now likely to be run by annual \$400-million-a-year loans—at commercial rates—from the Alberta Heritage Fund. Alberta and the bank would be encouraged to promote further exploration, some might call it the public sector of Petro-Canada in drag—and would probably be involved in the stated objective "of 50-per-cent Canadian ownership of major energy projects."

The paper also speaks of "industrial conservation assistance in the Atlantic region" and talks fleetingly of "a program to help the consumer with the increased costs of energy (such as an energy tax credit)," but the essential point is that—should this agreement eventually be signed—Alberta and the oil companies will have won the day, hardly it is a long way from this past summer when officials of the department of energy, mines and resources went to the Prime Minister's Office and spoke hopefully of even more government intervention along the Petroline model to help cover their own serious doubts that Canada could, as Clark has promised, attain energy self-sufficiency by 1990. The department naively believed they had won over new Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn. The PMO, however, found that such ideas were "unacceptable."

The Tory thinking, as Petro-Canada supporters discovered last month, is that it is with an encouraged private sector that the best chance for self-sufficiency lies. Extrapolating the need for gas imported after by 1990 will cost, by most estimates, around \$200 billion, and the Conservatives feel that the previous Liberal strategy of allowing only \$10-a-barrel raises every six months would

more provide industry with the capital that industry argues is necessary for further exploration. Party strategists point to West Germany and Japan as examples of countries that accepted the dramatic tripling of oil prices in late 1973, reeled for a while and then recovered. "We put off swallowing the energy bubble for the next generation," says a Clark aide. "They took their lumps right away. Our approach of nickel-and-diming consumers to death had no effect. Somewhere, you've got to raise \$200 billion." Officials of the PMO also gratefully embraced last week's annual report from the Economic Council of Canada, which also called for an oil price boost of \$4 per barrel each year.

That was a fortuitous coincidence, but it did nothing to offset the escalating battle between the biggest producing province and the biggest consuming province. In August, Ontario Premier Bill Davis had complained that a \$5-a-barrel rise in price would add 2.2 per cent to inflation. Davis offered his own cautious price-rise plan, which was immediately panned as "completely unacceptable" by Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed. Since then, Lougheed has got tougher. He recently told an Edmonton fund-raising crowd that Alberta was fully involved in a "confrontation.... You'd better be prepared to burn down the houses." Next day Davis said he was doing a "slow burn" over Lougheed's "abuse" about Ontario's greed, and he countered Lougheed's complaint that Alberta has subsidized (in lowered oil prices) the rest of Canada in the tune of \$15 billion with the argument that be-

metaphors and Alberta counterpart Murdo (left) line up with the politics of a



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Energy: Canada

tween 1967 and 1977 Ontario paid out \$16 billion in transfer payments. Leasheed punched back, calling the Ontario argument "ridiculous, repugnant and disturbing."

After Leasheed strongly hinted that Alberta would either get the price it wanted for its oil or not sell it at all, the squabble surfaced in Ottawa. Opposition leader Pierre Trudeau was standing in the Commons defending the \$1-a-barrel increase he had negotiated. Earlier, to an obscure audience of Ottawa West Liberal party supporters, he had even threatened to bring down the Clark government on the energy issue. Clark, meanwhile, with Finance Minister John Crosbie arguing him to reach a price agreement so that Canada could get on with its overdue budget, was saying agreement would come soon or else Ottawa would act unilaterally, as it is empowered to do under the British North America Act.

Any battles in the past had clearly drawn lines: federal Liberals versus provincial Tories. If it is possible to take Joe Clark at any of his campaign words, there is supposed to be "a fresh face on federalism." Only last Friday he told a press conference in Ottawa that his party represented "a change of attitude—treating the provinces as equal partners." The bitter fight this has been brewing between Leasheed and Davis is out of sorts with such promises—as is the impression that, should this document be accepted, Ottawa has given in to all Alberta's demands. Tory blood brothers are not supposed to spill the very blood that binds them (see last page 36).

Unless, it has been suggested, Canadians are seeing what Liberal House leader Allan Rock has called a "carefully stage-managed" bit of theatre. Bill Davis may find his minority government in an election come the spring and it would make good political sense to make it appear as if any concession, however minor, that can be gained from Alberta would be credited to Davis' answer. "We are now caught up with the politics of it," says a Clark aide. "It will be convenient for everyone to blame somebody else and I guess we'll be the villains." Finance Minister John Crosbie put it even more bluntly when he told *Maclean's* that "the thing is really, secretly, they know that you're doing the reasonable thing. And they're only opposing you publicly. They're not going for war."

Davis, however, claims to speak in defence of the consumer, for when the \$4-a-barrel increase will mean paying out about \$2.5 billion, without even including the \$4.5 billion or so the 30-cent-a-gallon federal excise tax increase will cost. Early guesses are that the average Canadian household will be paying out around \$200 a year in additional gasoline and heating costs.

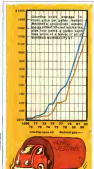
But statistics have not been the only changes, and in the months to come the difference between then and now may not be so much price as the changes in the country itself. In the early stages of the current negotiations Ottawa fought for a change in the 45-45-30 sharing agreement, hoping to split the second \$2 of each annual raise 50-50 with Alberta. Leasheed himself recently labelled the federal government's \$1 billion annual deficit as one of the system's great weaknesses, yet the current agreement would hardly help matters. A study undertaken by a major oil company says that, if world prices are reached by 1986, Alberta will take in some \$56 billion compared to the federal government's mere \$3.7 billion after deducting equalization payments and various subsidies. "To put it starkly," says Professor Thomas Courchene, an economist at the University of Western Ontario, who should Ontario's residents be called upon to contribute \$300 million each year to pay for the equalization that arises because Alberta is pocketing \$4 billion annually? "The original idea behind equalization payments did not consider huge amounts of wealth going to producing provinces, and there has been a change in 1977 in the equalization formula. Ontario today would actually qualify as a 'have-not' province and would be due \$172 million in the current fiscal year."

Should the current agreement be-



come law, there will be accusations that Clark moved in, to oil demands. Two weeks ago the oil industry, through its lobby, the Canadian Petroleum Association, urged an annual \$4-a-barrel increase between now and 1983—precisely what will likely come to pass, and one high-ranking oilman recently told *Maclean's* that the executives "had never had so much input" into a government decision. And though the uncertainty of Leasheed's threats and anger will never be measured, it will also be said that he somehow managed to bully Clark, much to the dismay—and severe election woes—of Bill Davis. Some will say Leasheed's anger is a convenient cover for the fabulous deal he is about to strike. The only certainty, however, is that Joe Clark was again too eager in his election rhetoric. Assuming that a Tory plurality among the first ministers would lead to amicable agreements was naive then and will not likely ever prove so.

Prime Minister Joe Clark was to begin this week with a Liberal confidence vote on his energy policies threatening. But it is a fair guess he was less concerned about a sudden election than he was about the week to come, when he will sit down with two men he likes to call his "friends," Peter Leasheed and Bill Davis, and a shaking hand takes the energy policy that will dictate prices for the next four years. At that moment, the "Adventure in Leadership" begins. ◇



What's OPEC up to?

By Carol Kennedy

A month ago there was a brief flurry of alarm in the West because of reports, quickly denied, that Iran's oil exports had slumped from 3.3 million to a mere one million barrels a day. The reason for the anxiety was that a cut of that size raised above the spectre of last summer's gas lines in the United States, Britain and elsewhere. The uncomfortable fact is that the oil demand/supply equation is so finely balanced that any falloff in supply is immediately reflected in the spot market in Rotterdam, where prices are currently around one-third higher than the ending of \$33.00 set by OPEC in June, and that quite a small reduction in output may trigger sudden shortages in consumer countries.

More disturbingly still, there are signs that a growing number of OPEC nations have cut or are preparing to cut production—thus stimulating Western competition for what supplies there are and keeping prices high. Among those countries are Venezuela (which supplies Eastern Canada), Iran, Algeria, Libya and Nigeria, while Saudi Arabia, which earlier this year increased production to make good the shortfall after the Iranian revolution, has announced that it will not do so again.

So the West will almost certainly not be able to rely, as it did in the aftermath of the 1973 raise, on cuts in consumption and a devalued dollar to create a glut of oil and stabilize prices. Indeed, it may well find itself in the position of having to cut consumption to limit the

size of OPEC price increases—60 per cent so far this year with a further rise of about 30 per cent in December almost certain—and the risk of a major world recession in the 1980s that is measurably higher. Small wonder, therefore, that the mysterious workings of OPEC are studied with as much anxious frequency today as the entrails of animals were by the soothsayers of ancient Rome.

OPEC, which has its headquarters in Vienna, comprises 11 members, together supplying 31 million barrels of oil a day compared with 21 million from non-OPEC sources. Set up in 1960 primarily to restore the level of prices that had been out of whacking oil companies, OPEC was scarcely known to the average Canadian until 1973-74, when it played the world into a chain of economic uncertainty by unilaterally asserting its right to set prices and sparking an explosion of energy costs.

The group is divided between notorious hawks, such as Libya and Iraq, and influential doves such as Saudi Arabia, with an odd-postponer, chairman of ex-litator Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani. But Kuwait, traditionally a moderate, has already anticipated a December rise by lifting its crude by 10 per cent, and Libya, Iran and others have been quick to follow suit.

What is OPEC up to? Are the Arab oil kings really the villains many in the West believe? Some, such as Libya, probably have political motives but most are merely doing what comes naturally: protecting their own interests. OPEC-watchers see the group's main ob-



Yamani at OPEC meeting; gas refinery in Abu Dhabi; protecting their interests

jective as ensuring that the real price of oil does not fall, in the 1980s, as it did between 1975 and 1979. The members want to protect their income from the devaluation of the dollar and to compensate for the "export" of Western inflation through the price of manufactured goods. They also want to conserve their own energy resources, knowing that they are finite.

That, of course, is the bitter truth which the industrialized world has been trying to come to terms with these past few years. Oil supplies are just not going to last indefinitely. Soviet oil production is declining, Britain's North Sea production is expected to peak in 1982, and The Observer newspaper, citing a CIA report, points out that the rapid expansion of Mexican output merely balances the decline in the United States. Britain's Sunday Telegraph recently calculated that supply to maintain current production levels, the oil industry "must find the equivalent of two Alaska or one North Sea every year."

Even with all the warning signals hoisted, however, there is still a reluctance to realize the worst among the potential victims of a world oil famine.

Perhaps it will all end as a British newspaper cartoon portrayed it this summer, when gas stations began closing at weekends and no petrol, signs went up all over the country. The cartoon showed a long line of cars whose drivers had become skeletons. The sign at the pump read: "SORRY, NO PETROL... BY A GUN"

Running on empty

By Ian Leighart

This fall, the Senate finance committee began working its way through the windfall oil profits bill proposed by President Jimmy Carter and adopted by the House of Representatives. The bill would have raised an additional \$270 billion in taxes from the oil companies during the next 10 years with the money earmarked for development of synthetic fuels, improvement of mass transit and subsidies for the poor to offset higher energy prices.

The tax was to be the first to counter the let given the oil companies last spring when Carter agreed to the gradual decoupling of their prices, which had been held well below those of OPEC. But the Senate finance committee, dissatisfied by the friends of the Oil, had other ideas. Each morning in a Senate office building, it slipped away as the tax bill, by bill of Alaska, oil from "strapper" wells producing less than 11 barrels a day, all produced by expensive methods, all from low-production "marginal" wells, all pumped by "independent" oilmen, all was exempted. The committee also exempted tax credits to homeowners who insulated their houses and bought new furnaces and to businessmen who made their plants more energy efficient. By the time it had finished in late September, it had given away more than the tax would raise.

Embarrassed, the committee began selling back some of its giveaways. But even reports last month of huge profits reaped up by the major oil companies could not persuade it to go more than half as far as the House and the president wanted. Near the end of last month, it finally approved a tax that would raise just \$128 billion.

The committee's action, still to be voted on by the Senate as a whole, illustrates the chaotic state of energy policy in the United States. Indeed, many U.S. politicians, such as John Connally and Ted Kennedy, are looking to Canada and Mexico for help.

As in Canada, energy policy has become a battleground for competing interests and regions who are fighting each other in a stalemate. Lawrentz Carter last week "I represent, in effect,

two different nations. One is the largest oil-consuming nation on earth. And the other nation is one of the largest oil-producing nations on earth."

Unfortunately for Carter—and for the U.S.—the president's origins have failed to bring together those two nations. Instead of purposefulness, Washington abounds with stories of confusion and confusion. Some examples:

• The House voted Oct. 12 to decelerate gasoline prices immediately rather than wait for the phased deceleration promised by Carter. Two weeks later, after heavy lobbying by unions and consumer groups and after seeing the reports of huge new oil profits, it reversed itself and voted to keep the controls.

• Also, in 1977, Canada and the U.S. agreed on a pipeline that would carry Alaskan gas across the continent to the American Midwest. But that pipeline is still a long way from being built as corporations look over who will pay for it. Exxon, the world's biggest oil company and owner of much of the Alaskan gas, has offered to help finance the project. But in return it wants to be part owner of the pipeline, and that might contravene U.S. anti-trust laws.

• Last summer Carter proposed slapping a ceiling on oil imports to reduce U.S. dependence on OPEC, which has been steadily growing as domestic supplies dwindle. Such rough medicine might be the only way to reverse the trend. But the Senate, fearing the oiling would cause artificial shortages of price increases, voted last week to require a veto over any such action taken



Carter gestures energetically, others lining up for gas: two nations in one

by Carter. According to one source, this makes it "unlikely" that Carter will ever be able to carry out his proposal.

"So here we sit," says Carter, "seven years after the first oil embargo, 24 years after a comprehensive package had been presented to the Congress, still needing vital energy by our legislative branch of the government, and our country is still vulnerable." Some have argued that it will take a new president to get action, but three—Carter, Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon—have already tried without much success. More likely it will take another winter such as 1973-74, when plants and schools closed for lack of fuel. And maybe not even that will drive the message home.



"Texas reports oil third-quarter profits were up 71 per cent. SoCal's per cent. Mobil 10 per cent. Amoco 140 per cent and Gulf 70 per cent. In contrast, General Motors reported a 10 per cent decline in profits and Ford a 10 per cent decline in profits."

The oil companies may deserve what they get

By Anthony Whittingham

Profit or profiteering? As the nine-month earnings statements reviewed by the oil companies during the past two weeks show, profits have reached wondrous heights. Shell Canada Limited is up 66 per cent, Gulf Canada Limited up 52 per cent, Transo Canada Inc. up 49 per cent, and Imperial Oil Limited up 38 per cent. And in the U.S. (see page 31), the gains are more dramatic still.

It's a sure point, one that's making a lot of Canadians angry—five ordinary consumers using gasoline for cars or heating oil for homes, to large industrial consumers with giant energy bills. The means of energy shortages, as the oil companies seem to be selling more than ever, along with mounting energy bills and faster corporate wallets, don't go unnoticed. Consumers are learning that oil companies get tax breaks, credits and write-offs on their profits. Use of oil companies as even higher profits is needed in the future. Heavy spending on drilling and exploration has yet to bring any significant new

discoveries in Canada's oil supplies domain. It's no wonder that many Canadians are confused and annoyed, and that the oil companies themselves are experiencing a new low in public credibility and acceptance.

What further hurts many Canadians is the "cooperacy theory"—the illo-



Oil companies are accused of not disclosing their profits.

gion suspicion that the large, integrated oil companies are either deliberately manipulating or, at the very least, withholding basic information about supplies and prices. Do, for example, their balance sheets accurately reflect

the true state of petroleum reserves, fair pricing policies or complete capital expenditures? It can also be asked whether all companies are paying their fair share of taxes, when the effective tax rate in the industry is, on the average, 22 per cent for the large companies. While these corporations are correct in maintaining that the lion's share of revenues is plowed back in the form of capital expenditures, some of the expansion is into related but non-oil-producing ventures such as uranium or chemicals, or the acquisition of smaller, existing oil companies, which, in the end, does little except make the companies larger and increase their monopoly.

Oil companies enjoy a position almost unique among industries with a near-absolute stranglehold on the flow of information about their activities—a lamentable situation never summed up better than by U.S. Senator Henry Jackson, commenting on the oil companies in 1974. "The facts are," he said, "we do not have the facts"—an observation no less valid today, and in Canada too. More recently, the greatest black eye within the industry is being won by Exxon Corp. after a New Scotland case revealed overcharging and deceptive accounting practices through its Canadian subsidiary, Imperial Oil. The fact that it took nothing less than a



Imperial Oil drilling rig in Beaufort Sea; no weather concerns are easy.

court case to bring those facts to light shows the potential oil companies have for concealing or just "plowing over" a lot of basic information. Tax policy, too, is part of the opaque nature of the business. Despite Petroleum Ltd., for example, receives most of the funds for its Arctic exploration from tax-sheltered private drilling fund investments.

Still the question is: oil companies making too much profit? The most balanced assessment is the view of most industry analysts—ignoring the legiti-

mate complaints about some of these other corporate practices—is that profits are not too high—at least not when measured against profit levels in the past, and when compared with other industry sectors. "The reason this year's profits seem so great compared with 1974," says Denis Thibault of the Montreal investment firm of Baril-Halcyon Stuart Ltd., "is that last year they were paid with the average return on investment running around six per cent at the most. As I see it, what we have going on this year is not the start of a cycle of obscene profits, but rather a catch-up period where profits are climbing up to be more

in line with industry as a whole. Now they're making a return of about 12 per cent, and there's nothing wrong with that." Other energy specialists, such as Thomas Kierans, vice-chairman of the Toronto investment firm of Melco Young Weir Ltd., do not disagree with this view—but would add a more cautious note. "On balance, there's been nothing improper about oil company profits up until now," says Kierans. "But as the large integrated oil companies reach out to increase their monopoly over the energy sectors over-all, as is the case when the profits may be on the verge of starting."

EXPORT GAS: Sell some now, so the producers can go out and find more

By C. William Deneau

Whether Canada should export natural gas surplus or let it sit in the ground for future use is one of the most controversial questions in the energy debate. As Canada's No. 1 gas producer, that naturally has a key stake in the answer. Faced with an oil shortage and tempted with a gas surplus, it must choose to substitute gas for oil whenever possible and that is happening on an increasing scale in industry and for home heating.

But even with substitution, it's clear that on the supply side Canada has a growing surplus. According to the National Energy Board (NEB), that surplus will exist even after allowing for expanding Canadian needs and existing exports it needs even

before taking into account the large unproved border reserves. This country does not risk running out of gas overnight—or for that matter for a long time to come.

So do we leave it in the ground? On the face of it that looks appealing. But the real message that a producer has no prospect of marketing their newly found gas and export the income, they would have to choose to go back to oil exploration (inevitable, that would reduce the likelihood of further discoveries on the scale needed to keep a surplus position). As we see it, a dynamic and balanced exploration and development effort is the best way to make sure that Canadians have sufficient gas for future generations. This is not to take it back on the contrary, to ensure this effort is maintained. I believe some new natural gas exports should be authorized, keeping in mind that safeguards are necessary to ensure that the oil has the authority to let it supply burning down.

Another controversial issue is oil-company profits. Every time profits run sharply

low they did this year over the same period last year. That's too news. But in 1978 when profits of the integrated oil companies were either down or little changed from 1977, there was little public interest. At Shell for example since the 1973-74 oil crisis our profit margins have developed about eight per cent annually. Given that oil prices are rising at more than ten per cent, one can hardly call that excessive. During the same period provincial and federal government revenue share of the oil barrel by way of royalties and taxes rose from 33 per cent to now 50 per cent.

The most significant profit squeeze is squeezing 64 per cent of the amount of money needed for oil and gas development. By the end of 1978 Shell had a total capital investment of about \$2 billion in its operations. Against this, last year's earnings at \$151 million represented a modest 8.9 per cent return. Most of the money we make gets plowed back into the business. In 1978, our total investment of \$425 million represented a healthy 105 per cent of internally generated cash. Not a bad record, and we have oil and gas discoveries to look forward to with and without oil prices for the future. The last investment is simple enough. It takes a risk. There has to be a reward.

DON'T EXPORT GAS: It's running out and the crunch could come by 1990

By Bruce F. Wilson

It was only eight years ago that the oil industry in Canada was confidently bragging that we had "surpluses" of years of oil and gas supplies. The seven nations—the big multinational whose subsidiaries comprise the Canadian oil industry—did such a good selling job on the government that their minister of energy, mines and resources J.J. Dennis, would announce that our "823-year supply of oil and 302-year for gas. We thought ourselves so flush with energy that even during that pricelet yield—1973)—when the oil crisis hit, 60 per cent of our marketed gas production was added to whetting down the pipelines to the United States.

Things sure have changed! Notably is today too loudly these days that, despite

the staggering worldwide price increases, Canada's accessible combined oil and gas reserves were 32 per cent less at the beginning of this year than they were at the start of the decade. Oil that, even though it's difficult to pinpoint the exact time when remaining gas supplies will be less than domestic requirements, it could very well occur before 1990.

After the oil crisis, the National Energy Board did not back an oil exports, but energy is still pouring out at a rate that is detrimental to the country's long-term interest. In 1979, for example, Canadian oil exports are expected to amount to about 19 per cent of our decreasing annual production while gas exports will be about 35 per cent of marketed production.

To make the domestic medium- and long-term supply outlook more and more vividly of high-powered industry entities applied this year to the rate to export another billion cubic feet of exportable Canadian gas reserves over the next 15 years. Let's hope the rate says no.

Canada must remember that oil companies have as their primary corporate goal the making of as large a profit as possible. The way to achieve that is to find and sell maximum quantities of oil and gas at the highest prices obtainable. It is obvious their goals don't always jibe with the national interest. It also obvious they will vigorously defend this need for high profits.

But when we read about high oil industry profits, we have to wonder about the manner in which energy shortages—most as pronounced—now required by governments and the oil industry to keep exports and purchase price increases. Domestic concerns this year will pay a staggering \$9 billion more in higher oil and gas prices than in 1973. Prices will rise and rise. Unlike other producing nations such as Mexico and Venezuela, which have protected their citizens by nationalizing the oil companies and thereby insulating reasonable domestic energy prices, Canada exports to the tune called by the long-suppressed petroleum industry and Peter Lougheed. What we see isn't

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The (very complicated) way south

By Jeff Carruthers

If oil and natural gas reserves are a country's lifeblood, then a map of Canada would show most of the country's major arteries heading south to the United States. The reason is simple: the biggest bulk comes from building the biggest pipeline as directly as possible to the biggest market. With export prices twice as high as domestic levels, the southern risk is almost impossible to avoid.

So far, most of Canada's pipeline activity has moved little beyond the planning stage, but it's such a complicated tangle of schemes that it's little wonder the whole question leaves most Canadians numb with incomprehension.



Welding 30-inch pipe in Flood, B.C.; the same five names keep coming up

pipe. A quick status report on where pipelines stood today—five years after the start of the present pipeline push during the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo—shows just how much still remains up in the air.

First among the major pipeline proposals, the Alaska Highway natural gas pipeline would bring 36 trillion cubic feet of gas discovered in Alaska through Canada and on to the U.S. Midwest. It is actually only one part of a larger scheme envisioned by six Canadian promoters, Foothills Pipe Lines (Yukon) Ltd. When Foothills was searching for political support in Washington, then U.S. energy secretary James Schlesinger was being lobbied privately by Foothills that the pipeline would also allow the United States to tap directly into cheaper Alberta gas reserves.

That idea, later known as "prebid," has become almost essential to the eventual realization of the Alaska pipeline. Foothills' Chairman Robert Blair wants the "prebid" southern portions of the now \$15-billion project built first, to carry "surplus" Alberta gas to the U.S. until Alaskan gas, already 28 months behind, starts to flow.

The advantage to Blair is none time off, although U.S. consumers will eventually subsidize a connecting pipeline to the 5.6 trillion cubic feet of gas discovered in the Mackenzie Delta. If Dome Petroleum Ltd. of Calgary, under Chairman Jack Gallagher, does strike gas in the nearby Bowdoin Sea, then the Dempster Highway lateral and the Alaskan Highway pipeline will feed into the artery flowing south. It's not surprising that Dome, which now controls half of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. of Toronto, should support Foothills and prebid. Trans-Canada is Canada's largest natural gas transmission company. Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd. of Calgary and Westcoast Transmission Co. Ltd. of Vancouver are the other two domestic gas pipeline giants, operating in Alberta and B.C., respectively, together

they control the Foothills empire—an unshakable corporate energy force.

The Gallagher-Blair corporate connection has now also struck an eastern deal. Trans-Canada was competing with a Foothills owner company, Q and M Pipe Lines Ltd. of Montreal, for the right to extend the mainline gas transmission system from Montreal to Quebec City and eventually to Halifax and the Atlantic Ocean to perhaps tap hoped-for gas reserves off Sable Island. Now there is only one eastern gas pipeline project left, and so corporate blood will be spilled.

The Foothills influence has also been heavy in the only major oil pipeline where Blair gave the responsibility to Westmont's Steven C. Phillips. But Foothills smelted, drilled, pulled dramatically out of regulatory hearings, and left the supportive federal Conservative government surprised and naked. Blair has admitted privately that the oil pipeline scheme was little more than a near-sleepy scheme.

Finally, the Polar Gas project is considered a non-flyer by most as it tries to make a case for a not yet large enough gas find in Canada's High Arctic to Ontario. So far, the only interest shown in developing these Arctic island gas reserves has involved a much smaller and less expensive scheme using ice-breakers to skids carrying liquefied natural gas. The Arctic Pipeline project, as it is called, involves Petro-Canada and Robert Blair's Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd. And now there are industry rumors that Gallagher's Dome Petroleum wants to join, if only to gain access to the skidding technology that might be the only way to move oil and gas out of the ice-packed interior of the Beaufort Sea. While it doesn't show on the map, the southbound arteries all spring from the beards—and mouths—of a stable few. ☐

Energy: Roughnecks

By Wayne Skene

They are the modern equivalent of yesterday's cowboy, lean, tough, independent young men systematically attracted to one of the world's most romantic occupations. They live and work on the remote frontier of Canada's petroleum exploration. They are the "roughnecks," men who wrestle hundreds of tons of steel pipe miles into the earth in a search for urgently needed natural gas and oil.

In the hurry-up atmosphere of oil and gas exploration, men on the drill rigs struggle through long hours—sometimes on 12-hour shifts—during a month-in summer and winter extremes. Death and mutilation are simply part of the risk. In Alberta in 1975 more than 2,000 accidents were reported, one of a work force of 150,000. Last year the figure jumped to 4,307. Thirty-one workers have died in the drilling industry in the past three years. It is in the past 10 months—since—some of them crushed under tons of steel, others hit by the deadly first whiff of hydrogen sulphide gas which seeps unexpectedly from the drill hole.

"But where else can you clear \$2,000 a month and still get every third week off?" asks Adrian Dube, a 22-year-old former army clerk from Montreal. Dube is one of a 30-man shift crew working on the \$15-billion Montgomery 43, a Canadian Shuster Exploration Ltd. rig 68 miles west of Grande Prairie atop the 26,000-square-mile Kinross gas basin which stretches western Alberta and B.C.

Each is a "derivation," the worker who dunes cautiously as a six-foot-long catwalk, or "monkey board," some 130 feet above the ground while grappling with 90-foot sections of steel pipe. Like most crew members on the nearly 400 drill rigs located throughout Alberta, Dube is from Eastern Canada. On this Montgomery 42 shift, two men are from Quebec, three from Ontario and only one calls Alberta home.

Roughnecks get room and board (in portable camp trailers) with the job. Hot meals are served but when the rig is "tied in" (pulsed into a line of pipe from the ground so drill bits may be dragged) supper comes to the rig in a wheeled barrow. Pork chops, fried potatoes and

A helluva way to earn a living



Joining pipes (top), Dube \$2,000 per month and death in a 'homing chain'

salad are gulped down during the one-minute truce between pipe changes. Wages are attractive from \$8 to \$12 an hour, with overtime. A rig hand can

earn more than \$20,000 in nine months.

But the hidden costs of life on the rigs are counted in flesh and blood. The alarming increase in drilling-off accidents has finally drawn the public's attention to one of the last of the maverick occupations. Compared to provincial oil-industry accident rates of 36 per cent, the drilling industry's rate of 37 per cent has been termed "the tragedy of the oilfields." It is not uncommon to read reports of workers being crushed to death in the dreaded "homing chain" (used for securing the connection of pipe to gather), being electrocuted or asphyxiated by hydrogen sulphide gas. And there are plenty of "minor" accidents as well: of the 4,307 accidents reported in 1975 more than 1,500 went to hands and fingers.

Inexperience, a large turnover in staff and insufficient safety training are cited as the root causes for the tragedies. "It's a big-time is a most significant factor," says Bill Ross, of the respective unit of the promoter's health and safety services division. The 12-hour shift (with 14 days on and seven days off) is the major cause in the debate over accidents. The industry wants to keep the status quo because, with rig costs ranging from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a day on a 90-day drill project, companies want the holes drilled as fast as possible. Laborers, drivers and technicians also want to keep it for the high wages. Bill Ross's department is nonetheless seeking changes and has launched a \$50,000 study into the causes of rig accidents. Concerned workers and critics point to the lack of tough government safety regulations for the industry and compare Alberta's laxness attitude to that of British Columbia where penitentiaries and ambulances are mandatory on each rig.

But even government safety officials shrug helplessly and admit that heavy-handed legislation similar to that in B.C. just wouldn't wash in free-enterprise Alberta. As for the roughnecks, taking away his "12/14/7" as the shift work is called, would be like telling a cowboy to trade in his horse for a Jeep. It says someone there are some things you just can't do to romantic images, no matter what the cost. ☐



Beyond the power of oil

By Barbara Robison

When Carl Pepper added a \$2,000 solar energy system to his Gratzon, Ontario, house five years ago, it was, in his way of thinking, an improvement. The system, Pepper claims, was the second in Canada, provided 85 per cent of the heat for his three-bedroom house and cut fuel bills to \$800 a year. But last year when he tried to sell the house, no one wanted the all-saving system. "A lot came out to see it. But people are afraid of anything new," Pepper explains. Finally, he ripped down the 800-square-foot solar collector before he moved out last May.

Pepper's solar system, like an experimental wind-blown generator in Toronto Island, came down with a lot less fanfare than it attracted when it went up. Other solar systems, such as those on Manitoba's legislative buildings, Ontario's Provincial House at Prince Edward Island's Ark, have survived their

problems. Still, observers agree, the "renewables" as they are known—solar, wind and biomass energy—are decades away from solving major energy problems. The futuristic alternatives to fossil fuels and nuclear power, such as General Motors' electric car, are also unlikely to save our energy-tight skins until perhaps the late '80s. Though much was made of the potential of the electric car in recent publicity, William Wylans, chief engineer at GM's Delco Remy division in Anderson, Indiana, where the research was conducted, has admitted the company has made no final decision about mass-producing the vehicle.

That prompts the incentive to find short-term energy solutions through conservation. The idea is an occasional as mulling trucks around with-

Pepper's solar collectors, GM's electric car and Ontario's Pickering nuclear generator, going underground

down, and as offset as tracing road maps with mileage meters to figure the shortest distance between two points and save gas. They are as old as clotheslines (as an alternative to drying) and as new as pedal-power to generate electricity. Jan Nightingale, an electrical technician in Calgary, has connected his exercise bicycle to a car alternator, which, in turn, is attached to his television set. To watch TV, he hops on his bicycle and pedals. Though it's all done for fun, Nightingale says his invention is a good way to show how much energy it takes to run an electrical appliance.

There is no consensus on just how much energy the renewables will provide in Canada's future. On the one hand, Energy Probe, a nonprofit organization promoting a conservator society, estimates that by 1993 a full 20 per cent of Ontario's energy demand could be met by renewable energy. David Brooks, co-ordinator of Probe's Ottawa office, says the same figure roughly applies to the whole of Canada. But included in the figure is power generated by hydroelectric stations, many of which are already in operation. The estimate also presumes a decline in the demand for energy—reducing the present growth in usage, and further into negative growth—until by 1993 Canada would consume no more than it does today. At the other extreme, forecasts with Gulf Canada Ltd. don't even mark the renewables on their charts for energy sources in the year 2000. "A forecast isn't going to make a projection until he sees the technology is there," explains Robert Vallance, Gulf's communications manager.

Most of those who foresee rapid growth for renewables in the next 20 years agree it will come through passive solar systems, with south-facing win-

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Energy: Options

down or heat-absorbing walls, rather than active systems, using solar collectors, mirrors and storage tanks, and through industries harnessing forest wastes rather than people burning logs. Already the energy produced by burning wood waste equals the energy produced by nuclear power plants—each generates about 13 per cent of Canada's total energy production.

A better near-term solution to Canada's oil supply problem is energy conservation. Already 200,000 Canadians have insulated their homes and applied to the federal government for a rebate of up to \$500 under the Canadian Home Insulation Program (CHIP), since the program began two years ago. Still, Brooks says the plan should be accompanied by a tax penalty for landlords who don't insulate because tenants pay utility bills. Only two per cent of all applications have come from landlords.

Other problems in the booming insulation business include fly-by-nighters who do shoddy work, questionable insulation materials and new fears that insulating and sealing homes might increase interior levels of radon gas from natural background radiation and may cause deaths.



Nightingale with his pedal-powered TV test conservation is still the best bet.

Despite the rush to insulate, Canada was an increasing threat to conservation of the energy that really counts—petroleum. Many, though, are preparing alternatives to reverse the trend in oil consumption—switching homes from oil to natural gas (although lack of distribution systems in the Maritimes and rural parts of the country hamper the program), building new homes with electric heating (80 per cent of new construction in Quebec has electric heat) or

offices with no furnaces at all. For instance, Ontario Hydro's headquarters in Toronto and Gulf Canada's headquarters for western operations in Calgary are warmed entirely by heat recovered from lights, motors and people, and stored in huge underground water tanks.

Going underground, in fact, is another growing alternative. This year 480 students in Brandon, Manitoba, are attending school under ground level. The \$1.5-million Riverbush School, built into a hillside and three-quarters covered with earth, is expected to be 20 per cent more energy efficient than conventional schools. Says Principal Harold Stewart, "I don't think any of us are conscious of being below ground level. The lighting, the use of space, skylights and plants make it a bright place." As for solar pioneer Carl Popper, he's going underground too. He has built near 80 arbores, Osh, and plans to build a 1,000-square-foot three-bedroom house this spring. Says Popper, author of a do-it-yourself solar manual, "Underground is the only answer as far as building a house today." ☐

Rx for failing energy: eat and drink selectively—and don't overexert

By E.C. Sewright

The energy crisis is an understatement if significant proportions 500 when we pers in an oil—and that's our real problem since we've got plenty of natural gas, uranium and coal—there are a few steps we could take. Apart from the obvious reduction of simply saving on oil by not wasting it, it also makes sense to replace oil with natural gas whenever possible. The principal target would be Ontario and Quebec where there are 2.5 million oil-heated homes. An estimated 1.5 million of those are close enough to distribution systems for gas conversion at a cost of anywhere from \$250 to \$750 for the householder.

We also have to start making better use of electricity for everything from running subways on electric routes to running cars

when cities Worldwide research for a commercial electric car hasn't produced one yet, but General Motors in the U.S. promises one for the late '80s. Such cars could be recharged by electric cables of night when the demand is low. Another possibility is to replace motor gasoline by diesel fuel for highway use. Of the 78.4 million barrels of diesel oil now consumed, only 5.9 per cent was sold at retail pumps so there is room for growing individual use. Keep in mind, however, that diesel cars cost more, it's hard to find retail outlets and pollution is worsened.

As for solar energy, my guess is it will only contribute less per cent of all Canada's energy supply by the year 2000. It takes millions of individual decisions to make it work. By contrast, one single nuclear plant could exceed that solar potential. That however raises the controversial issue of the nuclear option. Putting the question fairly, however (not lightly) aside, the fact remains that it takes a long

time for new technology to be accepted. In the U.S. for instance, nuclear energy still accounts for only 3.6 per cent of the total energy supply after 35 years. In Canada after 17 years it's still only about one per cent. But I don't think we have much choice—we have to expand the nuclear program.

Fortunately the longer the energy problem exists the more advanced technology becomes to deal with it. For instance, we may soon be able to accelerate development of heavy oil and the far sands, possibly using nuclear generated heat as a thermal stratifier to move the oil in the formation. The wasted nuclear heat from the reactor could be used locally for household and industrial heating. Generally, we should construct a central heavy oil refinery in Alberta or Saskatchewan that would rely on a custom base, the heavy production of the various companies producing in the area.

For now we should increase the export of natural gas. We should also pay for oil imports and move toward world prices for oil. These two near-term solutions will create an unstable energy system unless we find

20 Sewright is an energy consultant with public and private sector clients.



PQ mud for troubled waters

By David Thomas

As the Quebec government proudly presented its high-sounding white paper on sovereignty-association last week, Quebec City buses were being penetrated by a different Parti Québécois document—one designed to raise the buses' instincts of suspicion. Though the government's white paper promised that a sovereign Quebec would share a single customs tariff with Canada, a cartoon in a party

tabled newspaper, aimed at housewives, made the existing customs tariff policy look like a plot between greedy English Canadians and Orientals, to adhere to deprive husbands of their jobs by suffocating Quebec under a load of cheap imported textiles in return for wheat sales.

That contradiction in Piquette persuasion was perhaps the main glaring but not the only one to belie Premier René Lévesque's pledge that the white paper would clear the air of confusion

Instead, it introduced yet another set of euphemisms and doubletalk. What it describes is indisputably the complete independence of Quebec, but the word "independence" itself is banned from the document as though it were an epithet. In PQ Newspeak, separation has become "a new deal." With Orwellian logic, Lévesque explained the deletion of the word *independence* from the PQ lexicon: "People have succeeded through propaganda, distortion and intellectual terrorism in turning a very beautiful French word into a scarecrow."

The white paper—Quebec-Canada: A New Deal—is the work of Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin (see page 6) and the steadiest slippery slope yet in his scheme to lead Quebecers timidly, but resolutely, along the path to independence. Appropriating the past as justification for Quebec's separation, the white paper turns a daring commercial of doubletalk to make someone sound like a true-hearted traditional "sovereignty-association, a contemporary expression of Quebec's continuity, in brief, a new deal."

The essential contribution of this layman's guide to sovereignty-association in its description, for the first time, of the agreements and institutions of economic association between a separate Quebec and English-speaking Canada. Although there would be joint action to administer the association, the actual link itself would be by a simple treaty that would "bind the parties in a manner and for a term to be determined." In other words, as with all international treaties, the Quebec-Canada association could be dissolved by either side—without having to hold another referendum.

Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan sees even more sinister attempts at deception in the document. A government victory in next spring's referendum on sovereignty-association could permit it to declare Quebec sovereignty even without economic association, Ryan said Friday. Poking at the white paper's ambiguity like a party pooper puncturing balloons, Ryan demonstrated convincingly that the official government scenario could mean the irreversible attainment of Quebec independence before the conclusion of negotiations on economic association. The government promises to negotiate the economic treaty but, significantly, it



Lévesque and Morin, with Orwellian logic



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does not promise to delay accession to sovereignty until the economic association is in place. In fact, the white paper suggests that Quebec's independence could well be proclaimed by the National Assembly while economic talks are still going on. "It could happen that issues relating to the transfer of powers and resources will be solved more rapidly than the others."

Ryan warned a gathering of English-speaking corporate executives meeting in Quebec City the day after the white paper appeared that, despite the risk of a referendum victory, many Quebec federalists will vote "yes" in a desperate hope that, at last, the rest of Canada will compromise by agreeing to work out a new federal structure in which Quebecers could feel equal. A few hours earlier, former Ontario premier John Roberts told the same assembly that official recognition of Canada's English-French "duality" is essential if federalists are to counter the PQ's white paper line that renewed federalism is an impossibility because federalists themselves cannot agree. That obvious truth is one of the Quebec government's most powerful arguments, and Roberts was clearly perceptive in the lead-up way of the much-orchestrated report last January of the Task Force on Canadian Unity which he co-chaired. Task force recommendations that the "distinctiveness" of Quebec be recognized by a new constitution and the strengthening of provincial powers in federal institutions were first shelved by former prime minister Pierre Trudeau and then ignored by his successor, Joe Clark. Asked why, Roberts shook his head. "Good question I don't know."

Unless there is a middle ground in the spirit of compromise embodied by the task force report, chances are that, eventually, Canadians will be forced to consider the Parti Québécois alternative. Quebec, according to the white paper, would have "complete autonomy" in the sense that the state enjoys full legal freedom in all fields an authority exercised to the exclusion of any other within the limits of its territory.

While the rest of Canada would be left to find for itself in the provision of its internal constitution, the Quebec Canada association would be limited to four main institutions: a community council made up of Quebec and Canadian ministers delegated by their governments to argue out difficulties in application of the treaty, a commission of experts to administer the treaty's rules and limits, a court of justice to arbitrate the treaty, and a monetary authority, in which Quebec would have one-fourth representation, to issue a common currency and control the rate of exchange. All of the institutions would evaporate

should either side abandon the treaty of association.

One of the few things crystal clear in the Quebec white paper is that it can be used both to reassure Quebecers at referendum time with the promise of economic association and then, afterward, to justify an eventual, unilateral grab for full independence, denial of free trade, political or economic, with Canada. ◇

Ottawa

Do in' the embassy drag

When Prime Minister Joe Clark unexpectedly rose in the Commons last Monday, there was in his face not only a maiden's blush. Within moments it was obvious why once again, the fiddling rat had been caught with his election promises down, a posture as publicly embarrassing as it was politically creative.

In his last, brief, Clark held the historic report of special ambassador Robert Stanfield which recommended that the government abandon its campaign pledge to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Said Clark: "The government accepts the recommendation that no action be taken on the change in the location of the Canadian embassy until the status of Jerusalem is clarified." With that, Clark sat down and listened as Opposition leader Pierre Trudeau and Vixie Lord, Stanfield's brother-in-law, far from offering thanks for making foreign affairs to giving due facts recognition to the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Although Stanfield's advice came as no surprise—as one Tory aide admitted, "We knew that sooner or later we'd have to put that crawling thing on ice"—the timing of the report did. Stanfield was appointed to buy the Tories time at home and to put a pair of sun-glasses on Canada's black eye since this report was not due until the new year. However, with the business community upset over trade disruption with the Arab world—Canada did \$800 million worth of business with Arabs last year—Clark and his advisers decided to act quickly. Or, as another official leader from an earlier time advised: "If it were done, 't would be done now." It was done quickly. But considering Trudeau's recent statement that Zionist pressure in the U.S. is preventing a peace settlement in the Mid-



Stanfield and the Canadian embassy in Tel Aviv: a pair of sun-glasses on the black eye

dle East, one Clark aide admitted: "We might as well have Jews read at us while they're still mad at us."

From the outset, the proposed embassy shift was ill-considered. Clark himself admitted last January after a



Modeling the press and some of them: King David

meeting in Jerusalem with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin: "I would not move the embassy to Jerusalem," Clark said at that time. "A move of that kind would be irresponsible. It may well enhance or set off the odds in a process of achieving [a peace] agreement." Despite Clark's foresight, however, the embassy policy was strung together by his election advisers last April. It was designed to attract Toronto's Jewish vote and tell on Tory candidate Ron Atkey, the new immigration minister, from St. Paul's, and Robert Parker, who was defeated in Eglinton. Although the Tories got an assist for their trouble, the long-term effects of such transparent political opportunism remain unclear. It may be that Clark's April folly will become the Tories' October crisis.

June O'Hara

Toronto

Another opening, an older show

"Wonderful things," archaeologist Howard Carter gushed when he got his first peek at them in 1922. "Pretty boring," declared Bernard Shaw, 11, after he and classmates from Toronto's Beven Public School had been herded past them last Thursday morning. "Extraordinarily beautiful works of art," babbled the lavishly illustrated catalogue. And what was it that has been elevating those (and millions of other) gumps and a few grooves for the past 61 years? The Tut show, of course—in its latest version, 15 selected pieces of jewelry and furniture and other craft objects comprising one of the most grandly hyped and commercially exploited museum shows in history, which went on public view last week at the Art Gallery of Ontario. It is the last chance to view treasures of Tutankhamun in North America. After closing Dec. 31 at the AGO, the big king's assorted afterlife furnishings leave for a five-city tour of Germany.

Before they depart, however, Tut's treasures will draw an estimated 800,000 visitors to the AGO at \$2.50 a ticket, including 100,000 Ontario school kids, teens from Halifax, Montreal and Calgary, and some Americans who missed the treasures on their recently, three-year swing across the U.S. The show has also given a lease on life to Canada's recent and most ephemeral growth industries: Tut-ack! Whether, like the nearest social ladies of the AGO Volunteer Committee, they are hawking chorale death masks (edible archaeology) and

high-priced junk jewelry, or pushing stuff like Tut platters (Tut at Kato's), a lot of people are making a lot of money from those 10 artifacts—how much is anybody's guess.

The Art Gallery of Ontario itself does not stand to earn anything directly from the treasures. Under terms agreed by the governments of Canada and Egypt a year ago, all revenues brought in by the AGO in excess of costs—which Tut publicity and President Co-ordinator Judith John anticipates will run to \$2 million—are to be handed over to the refurbishing of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, permanent home for some 3,000 objects collected from Tut's tomb between 1922 and 1935. The anticipated Egyptian take-off from the Toronto exhibition is estimated

needed when it brought the treasures to Toronto.

It is not the first bid for large-scale "wednesday development" undertaken by the AGO. In 1976, Director William Withrow almost begged the city of the finest art shows of the decade: the collection of masterworks from Leningrad's Hermitage. When arrangements fell through for the Hermitage exhibition (it did have two Canadian stopovers, Winnipeg and Montreal), Withrow began his taxpayer and negotiations that, two years later, opened the way for Tut's Toronto engagement. "One is always looking around for big shows because," Withrow maintains, "you have to have high-profile exhibitions for audience development." Given that attitude—perhaps the



Keren Saperstein examines image of the god Ptah, patron of crafts: edible archaeology

only one a public gallery director can afford to have in times of tight money—Canadian can look forward to more and more Wednesdays in the previously placed domains of high art, with significant shows (such as the Hermitage) and craft displays (such as Tut) being equally hyped to the skies in order to net new members. And that probably means more gala openings, such as the one thrown on Halloween by the AGO Volunteers Committee at Toronto's Harbour Castle Hilton Convention Centre (where a canal kicked a lousy model, which included a \$200-a-plate dinner—dinner offering the 600 guests glimpses of exhibition [Ontario] President William Davis and federal cabinet ministers John Crosbie and David Mc Donald and Egyptian Ambassador Hassan Fahmy) or an estate-estate member by Toronto's Dacre Theatre which looked like Moby-Dick doing some from The Top Gun movie. All more than enough to bring tears of embarrassment to the eyes of the Sphinx. John Bentley Mayes

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The end of Teddy's teasing



By Ian Urquhart

This week Senator Ted Kennedy finally makes his presidential candidacy official after two months of hinting and teasing. The declaration, planned for Boston on Nov. 7, means the press and public can now shift their attention to the content of his campaign. And, according to Vice-President Walter Mondale, they will not find much that is not already in the White House in the person of Jimmy Carter. "Kennedy's toughest problem," Mondale told reporters last week, "is that I don't think he has stated out an issue-based reason for seeking the presidency."

As the end of last week, Kennedy gave a preview of his campaign platform in a speech—one of his last as an unelected candidate—to 2,800 Democrats at a fund-raising dinner in Charleston, West Virginia. As if to rebut Mondale, Kennedy used the speech to underline one issue on which he does differ with Carter: nuclear power. Reinforcing his own desire for a moratorium on the construction of nuclear power plants—an option rejected to date by Carter—Kennedy declared "The choice is clear: If America is going to build nuclear power plants for the future, we must build them safely, or we should not build them at all. And we'll call on the president to make his position clear."

But the rest of the speech only served to make Mondale's point—that Kennedy's candidacy is based more on image and personality than on the issues. Sev-

eral times, Kennedy recalled his late brother John in an effort to cash in on the latter's popularity in West Virginia, where he won a crucial primary in the 1960 presidential campaign. There were also numerous thinly veiled references to Carter as a well-meaning man who is an over his head. "Good mountain man," said Kennedy. "But what also matters, and matters just as much, is competence to do the job, to get things done."

Carter, Kennedy and (below) Teddy's brother-in-law Stephen Smith at opening of campaign headquarters; good intentions



Kennedy did attack Carter's use of high interest rates to fight inflation. But he did not offer any solutions of his own. Likewise, the next day in Buffalo, he knocked Carter for deconstructing oil prices but did not say that he himself would remove controls. Instead, he advised Carter to threaten the return of controls in order to get his windfall oil profits out through Congress. Kennedy is battling an image that he is a free-spending liberal, an image Carter has attempted to sharpen in recent remarks. As a result, Kennedy can be expected to move to the right as the campaign heats up in the coming weeks.

The campaign is starting earlier than expected. Kennedy had wanted to wait until after U.S. Thanksgiving later this month to enter the race formally. But Carter forced his hand by mounting an offensive which embarrassed the "Drift Kennedy" forces in Florida (March 8, 1976). By declaring early, Kennedy upstaged his Senate colleagues, Howard Baker, who unofficially chose last week to announce his bid for the Republican nomination and forced California Governor Jerry Brown to move up his announcement to this week as well as he would not let be left behind in the Democratic contest.

In making his candidacy official, Kennedy transfers management of his campaign from the creators and partisans who had been running the draft effort to an experienced group of political pros. But the Kennedy committee is the first to acknowledge that it faces an uphill battle against an incumbent president. Carter's team is well ahead of Kennedy's in all aspects—organization, fund-raising and endorsements. The first televisable contest between the two will take place in Iowa on Jan. 21, when rank-and-file Democrats are to meet in non-conventions across the state to pick their delegates to the national conventions next summer in New York City. Iowa was the site of Carter's first triumph in the 1976 campaign as he out-organized a crowded Democratic field. Anticipating a repeat performance, Carter has been paying the state special attention. He cruised through on a riverboat in the summer and his wife and mother have been back since.

The next real test won't come until the Illinois primary on March 18. Important primaries will take place before then in New Hampshire (Feb. 26) and Florida (March 11). But since the first borders as Kennedy's home state of

Massachusetts and the second on Carter's Georgia, neither will provide a neutral sounding. Illinois will, and it went to Carter in the 1976 Democratic primary. Again, however, Kennedy got a boost last week with the official backing of Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne. Just two weeks earlier Byrne had phoned for Carter and she attributed her fickleness to her own "private poll," which showed Carter could not win in the state.

The public polls show Kennedy leading Carter by roughly 2 to 1. But "you can't poll effectively on Kennedy now," says Detroit pollster Robert Tauer, whom the Conservative party has employed in Canada. "The Kennedy candidacy is still in the honeymoon phase."

Nobody knows better than Carter how quickly a lead can evaporate in the polls. He entered the 1976 presidential campaign after the Democratic convention with a 30-point lead over incumbent Gerald Ford. By election day, the lead had shrunk to three points. In an effort to cut into Kennedy's lead, Carter plans a last-out campaign beginning Dec. 4 with a half-hour of prime-time television—if he can persuade any network to tell it to him. Another possibility is a televised debate. Carter is reportedly considering challenging Kennedy



Kennedy and Massachusetts Governor Jay Rockefeller in Charleston. To run, to lose, to get caught, and to get away?

because he feels he can walk up his opponent, who is not a good spontaneous speaker.

Another Kennedy weakness—his past indiscretions—resurfaced last week in a column by William Safire of *The New York Times* Staffer, a former aide to Richard Nixon, resurrected an old story about Kennedy attempting to evade arrest when he was caught speeding during his law-school days at the University of Virginia. Safire

quoted the arresting officer as saying Kennedy's mother, Rose, "truly got on my belt" to shut up after the incident. Kennedy was let off with a \$15 fine. Ted Kennedy's repeated history has been to run, to hide, to get caught, and to get away with it.

While Carter may not make such charges himself, others likely will in his behalf. And that could cause problems further down the road for the Democratic Warren Mondale. "The worst risk is that this primary will be so bitter, so poisonous, that a Democrat can't win."

A pen can write a signature, or be one.



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Sins of the flesh in Iran

By Ian Mather

The stream of *I Believe in Allah: I Believe in Love* has snaked out from the brightly lit pavement stalls of an entertainment bazaar known as Hippodale off central Tehran's broad, tree-lined Moshagheh Avenue. It seems almost a deliberate challenge to Iran's stern, revolutionary leaders. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who recently announced a ban on pop music as part of his drive to shut out Western influences, in this part of Tehran at least, where thousands of effervescent young people stroll along the pavements in the early evening and few women wear the chador, the full-length veil, the ayatollah's dream of an all-revering Islamic society seems a long way away.

Khomeini received another reminder of the weakness of the flesh last week when the first major scandal since the revolution broke over the heads of three ministers. Known as "Foodgate", because it involves the purchase of imported foodstuffs, the scandal could threaten Commerce Minister Reza Sadr and Agriculture Minister Ali Mahmoud Jashi as well as Health Minister Kaveh Saei, who inadvertently resigned his post on the grounds of "lack of harmony" and "fascismism" in the cabinet.

Prime Minister Mehdi Benazir promptly ordered an investigation by the inspector-general of the Islamic courts, at the same time expressing his "full confidence" in all three ministers. The official version is that agents of Sadr, the Shah's discredited secret service, have been plotting to sabotage Iran's food supplies and have pecked millions of dollars through corrupt deals, particularly on wheat and rice.

But the scandal underlines the fact that the revolutionary fervor of the spring is becoming as weatherworn as the photographs of revolutionary martyrs that decorate the street walls, their bloodied symbolisms by red ink splashed across their faces. Unemployment, inflation and government drift have brought disenchantment.

Yet work the Islamic fundamentalists firmly in control, for the moment anyway, Iran is gradually being transformed. It's not just that Tehran street names are being changed to remove reminders of the deposed Shah, now languishing, cancer-ridden, in a New York hospital. In the senate house, an ornate building with a pillared facade set in



Khomeini supporters and poster (above) and troops on way to fight Kurds; green parrots, red ink and glass-topped desks

gardens inhabited by green parrots, a self-styled "assembly of experts" elected in August is thrashing out details of a new Islamic constitution intended to turn Iran into a full-fledged theocracy. Khomeini is not a monk, but his influence is all-pervasive. The man who presides over the proceedings is Ayatollah Mahmoud Beheshti, a member of Khomeini's inner circle and former professor of philosophy, who dominates his colleagues. Facing him at a semicircle of glass-topped desks sit the 73 members, most of them theologians and learned mullahs (clergymen) who are followers of Khomeini.

The most controversial clause they

have agreed upon so far, introduced out of the blue by Beheshti (it was not in the draft constitution), has been the creation of a religious father figure, the "Valayat-Faqih" (Clairvoyant master of Islamic law), who will obviously be Khomeini himself. This person will be superior to the president. He will have the power to veto presidential candidates and veto the winning candidate. He will also be the supreme commander of the armed forces. It is this clause that has led most Western observers to assume that Khomeini is heading for a dictatorship, a charge he denies. The Valayat-Faqih will be there to interpret the will of Allah, he says. Dictatorship is not possible in Islam.

The assembly, however, is only one manifestation of Khomeini's extraordinary clerical machine, centred on the holy city of Qom, a disappearing small town 100 miles south of Tehran. The Qom inner circle runs a network of 60,000 mullahs throughout Iran and dominates the shadowy revolutionary council, a ruling body that is more powerful than the government. It runs thousands of grassroots local committees headed by mullahs under the control of Ayatollah Mahdian Khani. Another ayatollah, Labouzi, runs the Pasdaran revolutionary armed guards, which are currently the best organized force in Iran. Through Ayatollah Sadegh Khalkhali, a former "hanging judge" who has travelled the country executing rebellious Kurds and Arab



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES J. MCKAY



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The care and tending of forests can create jobs for men and women. Some forests need thinning or fertilizing to produce better trees. Harvested areas sometimes need seeding up to make a good seed bed. Thousands of millions of seedlings must be planted annually. Each year, around a million acres paid this special care to guarantee future crops.

pay taxes, their employees pay taxes. Last year, in wood payments, land rent and taxes, forest industries paid their governments nearly a billion dollars. Their employees paid another billion dollars in taxes.

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disidents. Qian controls all the Islamic revolutionary courts, which continue to order executions despite Basagga's protests.

There is a strong attitude of "we are the masters now," which is making the modulae themselves unpopular. The road between Tehran and Qom is crowded with chauffeur-driven Mercedes transporting modulae to and from. All too frequently, they are to be seen demanding special privileges, jumping the queue for appointments or insisting on being served first in shops.

It is not surprising that the provisional government of Mehdi Basagga should complain that it has been reduced to puppet status. There are, however, a number of factors that cast doubt on whether total Islamic democracy can be achieved, as *Thursday's* at-

tempting assassination of Khomeini's son in Tehran underlined. The modulae clearly lack the expertise necessary to run a modern state and they are less astute than it appears. While he refrains from direct criticism of Khomeini, Iran's second most important ayatollah, Shariat Madani, a sprightly 80-year-old who manages to combine savanah with senior fairs, makes his secret of the fact that he thinks Islam is being discredited by its interference in politics. Shariat Madani has genuine mass support, controls Iran's second-largest political party, the Muslim People's Republican Party, opposes the idea of a Valayat-e Faqih and, while remaining politically moderate, has become a rallying point for the left.



Madani with savanah and senior fairs.

Were it not so weak and divided, the left would almost certainly be the beneficiary of the confusion. But, in any case, some observers claim to see the

France

The last smile of Jacques Mesrine

It was the tag end of an uneventful Friday lunch hour on Paris' tattered Place de Châteauneuf when the waiter of a corner café noticed a silver BMW suddenly cut off by an unmarked delivery van and surrounded by trucks in the 30 seconds that followed, police burst from the van's sliding panels, pumping an explosion of sub-machine-gun fire into the windshield and roof. At the wheel, the driver half-opened his door, quivered with a last spasm of life and slumped, pinned by his seat belt and 38 bullets, one hand frozen in its latch for two generations on the seat beside him, the other limp beside the 30-solles Smith & Wesson strapped to his waist.

That ended the days of Jacques Mesrine, France's Public Enemy No. 1, who had charmed his way at French and Canadian police and delighted the populace with his shavenman's dermidever since he leaped from a 45-foot Paris prison wall to freedom 18 months ago. In his subsequent string of capers, the notorious pitiful crook had outmaneuvered into a folk hero who could infiltrate a security cordon around the judge who once sentenced him to 20 years, or call in at a Deauville precinct to leave his regards, or, again, before pulling off a \$200,000 casino heist up the road.

He wrote incognito letters to the press whenever he felt his honor questioned, launched a crusade to abolish maximum-security prison wings and sent his regards to the red-faced inspectors on his truck, ending cheerily, "Happy hunting." Aided by a succession of adoring females and a daffing aptitude for disguise, he died finally as he had lived, apparently lightheartedly, as his way to a weekend in the country, as

attractive prostitute named Sylvie Jeanneau seriously wounded at his side.

Spanning over the car, the top inspector Mesrine had no long necked slapped each other on the back. Within minutes, Prime Minister Raymond Barre had congratulated the film and the government showed 71-second relief at a charge of headlines from the hosts of aerial which had plagued France all week after the suicide of labor Minister Robert Boulin. Impugned in questionable Riviera real estate deals, he wrote to the press accusing his cabinet colleagues of making him a scapegoat.

As news of Mesrine's end spread, however, the secretary of the interior found itself trying to explain why it had taken 30 generations to fall one Mesrine. Properly, a police director was finally left quaking Mesrine's own words: "I always said," explained the commis-



Mesrine's body, aided by adoring females, he eluded the populace with dermidever.

Silent, "that whoever drives first will be the winner."

Mesrine, 42, son of a wealthy Paris entrepreneur, studied architecture before being drafted into the Algerian war, where he won two medals for bravery and acquired his taste for violent adventure. He worked on the model of the French police for 1960-62 before starting his series of prison escapes at Marseilles' St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, where he was held for kidnapping industrialist Georges Delorme.

Canadian police once posted a wanted notice reading: "Attention, Mesrine is most dangerous when he smiles." But perhaps he will manage the last laugh, as a martyr of sorts who predicted his own end. "There's no man I'll grow old," he told Isabelle de Wagram from Paris March 15 months ago. "I know very well that all this will finish badly." **Narel McDaniels**



People

When they are not performing doctor-wah ditties, Anna Malina and the Starbucke are sterilizing, scrubbing up or scrubbing in Ottawa hospitals. The eight-piece medical band got together 1½ years ago at a hospital Gong Show and since then they have been carving up a storm at local venues, which are regularly attended by their patients. "We even have our own groups. They come up to the stage and try to rip someone's leg off," says lead vocalist Dr. Anna Malina, who wears a cheerleader's outfit as part of the band's 1950s "gross-out" image. Guitarist Dr. Doug Minsky ("Little Doozie," after hears admits that the Starbucke's popularity has been overwhelming, but promises not to let it interfere with the Hippocratic oath. "We've had nephews in performing because of someone delivering a baby," he says, and the doctors are in constant touch with their hospitals between being out *Hound Dog* and "A white sport coat and a pink carotene."

Forty-five years ago three Irish young journalists from Saint John set off in search of a hill where cars rolled off instead of down. And they found it. Today New Brunswick's Magnetic Hill is a prime tourist attraction, and discovering it is just one of the

Anna Malina and the Starbucke doctors come out groovy, giving doc-wah ditties.

hundreds of puns. *Shant Treisman*, 48, has seen in his 34 years of writing about the folklore and humor of the region. Treisman's latest book, *Fall Fester and True Yuletide From Jesus East*, contains nearly two dozen anecdotal stories, but the author insists he has more than enough leftovers to start his next collection. Per instance, he points to the lobster. It seems Treisman has discovered Maritimers who remember when lobster-fishing was a job that could be done with a pitchfork, and actually eating the boiled crustaceans made a family was hard up. One of Treisman's neighbors once told him that "you could always tell who the poor kids were; they were the ones who brought lobster sandwiches to school every day. The well-off kids could afford good things—like bologna."

After almost two years of silence *The Twosies* are back together. The New Wave quartet was dropped "too punky." So the public after their first album and a second, though recorded, was never released. "Two years too early," says vocalist Paul Robinson. This week the unreleased platter is finally reaching the public and is a tried

simply *Shivon*. If it sounds like old music, new it is really is. The album single will likely be *And Shudder Bell*, which was written by Paul Simon in 1965.

Elmer Fudpacker, a more than a 40-year-old "country and western comic" has now decided to branch out and the result is *Fudpacker bumper stickers*, *Fudpacker suckers*. Dr. Fudpacker's Swamp Rock Potatoes, T-shirts and "Bungee Belchers." "Fud," whose real name is Helio Champine, insists that he is "not trying for superstardom" but sometimes it works out that way. He recently learned that his 1948 record *Old Red Devil* is a hit in the Netherlands. "It's the dang-darkest thing," he says. "You don't suppose Fudpacker means something else in Dutch, do you?"

When filming finished on *The First Hello* last month in Haiti, leading lady Linda Padgug could legitimately add vacation climbing to the list of risky things she has done for her art and for fun. "I think fear is one of the greatest blessings we have," says the prize-wind 30-year-old who has been known to jump into a Mexican bullring and romp with bull-pit roasts. She also enjoys

slighty and traveling in light aircraft with pilots who give ducks a flight by trailing upside down. Padgug's enthusiasm for snaling and rappelling the cliffs of the Rockies was matched by co-star *Timothy Bottoms*, who flew the sky doors. It seems Bottoms is a "train freak" who has frequently ridden the rails across Canada, but this trip he decided to motorcycle the 2,000 miles from California to Haiti.

"I guess you'd say I have a taste for tanglers," says *Pen Densham*, 32, whose hobby is talking pictures of people sticking their tongues out. Densham started his 400-tongue collection in 1956 and ended up using most of the stills on a three-minute film called *Lockety-Split*, though he and his partner, *John Watson*, are better known for their award-winning Canadian documentaries *Thoroughbred* and *World of Wizards*. Densham and Watson are now on a "learning sabbatical" in Hollywood where they joined forces with *Spencer Stallone* in preparing the fight and montage sequences for *Rocky II*. "It's my happy to pose for me," says Densham, who had no luck trying to pry the sunglasses off Stallone's dog, *Bulfinch*.

In the wake of *Watergate*, accusations flew freely and one that was never answered was *White House aide Job Shant Magrader's* claim that dirty-trickie maestro *G. Gordon Liddy* had

Part, repelling out of the building.



Stallone and Bulfinch posing around

threatened to kill him. "Oh, that" says on-on-turned-author Liddy, whose fiction thriller *Out of Control* relies again on details such as how to crack a safe. "There was an incident when Magrader came to see me. He put his arm on my shoulder and began to tell me about how he wasn't satisfied with this, and was worried about that, and I simply said 'If you don't take your arm off my shoulder, I'm going to tear it off and beat you to death with it.' And Magrader went and told everyone I had threatened to kill him! It still irritates me to think about that."

Before he died last September, U.S. financial wizard *Andre Meyer* advised his friends to let everything they owned and buy gold. One of those who took action on Meyer's advice was *Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis*. The former first lady is understood to have inherited most of the money left to her by *Aristotle Onassis*, when gold was a bargain at \$153 an ounce last April. Jackie got out of gold last month when it was hovering at about \$385 an ounce. As a result, her friends now estimate her worth at about \$100 million.

Unhappily at 45, but nearly escorted by autograph-seeking *Sophia Loren* took Toronto by storm recently when she wrapped up a two-week North American tour to promote the paperback edition of her year-old life story, *Stefano*. *Loring and Loring* To-remember called themselves—renaming Colosse Street in the heart of Little Italy) *La Via Sophia* for a day and towing out in the thousands to catch a glimpse of *La Loren* as she made her rounds of public appearances and book

signings. All told, she signed more than 4,000 hard and soft copies—pushing the book near the top of the Toronto best-seller list. While conferring to *Moscow* is that she's "not very friendly with many other actors," she had a happy reunion with *Richard Burton* who was working in Toronto—but also received the sad news of the death of *Flaminio Piccoli*, widow of the Italian dictator and onetime mother-in-law of *Sophia's* younger sister, Maria. "I'm not the same woman I was 20 years ago," she reflected. "It would be boring to stay the same."

Edited by *Nanette Beaton*



LOREN, undimmed after 4,000 signatures

A lurvely bunch for 'Coconut'

By Dale Eiler

The Saskatchewan Roughriders had been on their deathbed before, but never did the hopes for revival appear so bleak. In the past, when life and death lines were stretched thin, the team mugged itself with the knowledge that, though other teams in the Canadian Football League (CFL) may have been richer, few were as good. But this year there has been no such relief. It has been a comedy of errors on the field and the performance off the field is equally depressing. The team's bank reserves, \$200,000 at the start of the year, dwindled at first and finally vanished into a sea of red ink.

And this was the year heralded as the beginning of the "New Era." After years of skipping and scraping, surviving on fund-raising efforts such as \$200-a-plate dinners, the Roughriders were finally growing up. The football offices were moved from gloomy confines above a suburban hardware store, and the dressing rooms were switched from a dilapidated grandstand at the local racetrack to an expanded and refurbished Taylor Field.

But fans were greeted with a football team that promptly lost its first 12 games. The New Era was a disaster. Credits lowered near the 30,000 mark in a stadium that seats 57,000 and, as the last home game of the season approached last week, prospects of losing \$400,000—and perhaps a date with a mortician—loomed. The situation called for drastic action. Enter John Robertson, also known as "Coconut Willie." Like an echo out of the past, the 45-year-old former football columnist with the Regina Leader Post in 1963 fit appeared on the scene. Invited to address the annual \$200-a-plate dinner, Robertson, instead of finding the old forever, was greeted with the cheers and glories of a team on the ropes. He told the 850 fans that it was time to rediscover "Rider Pride" and, instantly, a cause was born again.

A local radio station asked Robertson to help translate his intangible Rider Pride into a sellout for the team's final home game against the BC Lions. Robertson couldn't resist. "There is a magnet here," he confesses. "It's like an old lover I keep coming back to."

The attraction was purely emotional—certainly not financial. Hearing of the dismal state of affairs, Robertson



Robertson, bringing the help, Rider Pride

returned the \$200 guest-speaker fee and paid his own hotel bill.

Two weeks later, the hype started its earnest and Robertson became the focal point as he preached the cause long and hard. He made seven round trips from Winnipeg, where he is now a CBC TV anchorman, to Regina. His enthusiasm has expenses at \$2,200.

His mission did not make him the most popular sports figure in Winnipeg. He has been refused a seat in the press box at Winnipeg Stadium and, at a recent Rider-Banquets game, the Winnipeg fans greeted him with nasty boos. But the much-travelled veteran scribe admits his heart has never left Regina. "This [football] is a culture, the most important culture in Saskatchewan," he insists. "It's almost a spiritual kind of thing and the time had come to either regenerate the Riders or for them to become dead meat."

The response was staggering. After an emotional win over the mighty Edmonton Eskimos in mid the losing streak, fans streamed to ticket outlets

as to Mecca. The Riders were destined to finish last with the worst record in the CFL, but a hysterical crowd of 26,463 believed like it was the Western final. They filled Taylor Field for the first time all season for the Lions game and were rewarded with a 26-12 Saskatchewan win—and a glimmer of hope for next year.

Aside from the "apertural" minutes of the sellout, team President Gord Stassen, who has aged visibly in his first year at the helm, estimates the game added \$70,000 to Rider coffers. The shortfall this season, however, will be about \$104,000, and a \$200,000 line of credit has been drawn to pay the bills.

"Robertson may have used a corny approach, but that's what it's all about in Saskatchewan," says Stassen. "You couldn't do the same thing in any other city and get it to work."

And when Robertson leapt onto the field that day, arm-in-arm with team mascot Gaius the Gopher for the ceremonial kickoff, the crowd erupted with a standing ovation. All it took was a prodigal son like Coconut Willie to breathe life back into Rider Pride. ☐

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Music



For the record

RECENT SONGS
Lawrence Cohen
(10/8)

The waxy vocal accompaniment of Jennifer Warren and a piercingly gritty voice as The Gaurin, the first cut, register a marked change from the strangely vulgar Specter production of Cohen's last album. But the latter's mark is not dead; if he weren't a poet, one could imagine Cohen as The Daring Game. As always, there is oddball charm. *The Gaurin* is a must-listen. In Cohen's *David*, with a marvellous head, delight is like Red Velvet singing My Way.



THE LOUD RUN
Dignity
(10/8)

An extended daffy look at the emptiness of California living is not made any livelier by a beat that doesn't do much other than sway gently. With *Heartache* Tonight things get rougher, but it would still take a devoted fan to discern anything poignant. None of it sounds bad, simply pointless.

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU
Joan Marney
(Capitol)

Among the best things Marney's ever done was some backup work with Jesse Winchester, and here Winchester's *Wintry Feeling* is well-served by the singer's bare tone of a voice. Otherwise, everything's as expertly as possible that one's only choice is to like it or lamp it.

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THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

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Radio

Health



One more test for the boat people

To test or not to test—that was the question. And while on the surface it should not have been difficult to answer, it took more than a federal government task force, a group of medical specialists and constant pressure from Canada's dental community to arrive at the decision. At length it was determined that all Vietnamese refugees arriving in Canada would be tested for hepatitis B.

The decision made early last month by Health Minister David Crombie seems to have been as much a political move as a medical precaution. The United States health, education and welfare departments indicated to certain Canadian officials in early October that it was going to begin a program of hepatitis B screening on Indo-Chinese refugees entering the U.S. That was the pivotal point as far as the Canadian government was concerned even though, as one senior medical officer put it, "The evidence against this form of screening was emphatic."

The go-ahead to test all Vietnamese refugees for the serious virus came before the last round of Red Cross statistics was released. The Red Cross had tested a group of Vietnamese refugees

in Edmonton. Its most up-to-date figures show that out of 119 refugees tested, 13.8 per cent were carriers or

Vietnamese mother and children await medical tests (above), nurse interviews refugees: mass screening at point of entry



had been infected with hepatitis B, a viral infection which can cause permanent liver damage, has been linked to cancer of the liver and is fatal in between two and five per cent of all cases. Medical experts are neither surprised nor shocked by the Red Cross findings. Southeast Asia has one of the highest hepatitis B rates in the world, about 13 per cent of its population has some form of the disease, compared with the normal carrier rate for Canada of about 0.3 per cent. It was only because of the influx of the Southeast Asian refugees (Canada is committed to take in 50,000 by the end of 1980, more than 12,500 have already arrived) that the problem of hepatitis B created confusion and controversy.

Though a serious virus, hepatitis B is also a very fragile one—not easily spread. Of the 119 Vietnamese tested, "less than half would pose any threat in spreading the disease," says Dr. Scott Leslie, a senior medical officer with the federal department of health. The potential danger, he says, lies in the hepatitis carrier—the person who does not show symptoms of the disease himself yet can spread it to others. There could be as many as 1,500 "silent carriers"—people who don't know they can spread the disease—already here among the boat people, says Leslie.

Before entering Canada, the refugees receive full physical examinations, chest x-rays and urinalysis (which would indicate such conditions as tuberculosis and venereal disease). But it takes time to get results from the simple blood test for hepatitis B and with overcrowded and overextended facilities in Hong Kong and Singapore, testing has been almost impossible. In Canada it would cost about \$15 a person to administer the test. Since the virus is spread through saliva (as well as sperm

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Another 2-letter French word. We believe this one laconically sums up our business philosophy yet is as eloquent as our “le” in indicating how we organise for future growth.

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RENAULT

and blood, people running a risk of infection include dentists and dental nurses. Another area of less risk but some concern involves children, who have shown a greater incidence of the virus. There exists the slim possibility that a Vietnamese child who is a hepatitis B carrier could spread the disease to a Canadian child or adult living in the same household. But even in close contact, the disease would have a slim chance of spreading under normal healthy sanitary conditions.

The real risk of hepatitis B to the Canadian public is practically nil.

That's the general consensus of a government task force set up late last spring to deal with the problems of Indo-Chinese refugees. The 20-member body of national defense, immigration and national health and welfare personnel and medical experts first met on June 4. Since then the hepatitis B debate has taken a jaunted turn.

Two of the task force's leading debaters, Dr. Franklyn Hicks, a federal health department official, and Dr. Murray Fisher, a liver specialist from the Sunnybrook Medical Centre in Toronto, are at odds. Hicks has said repeatedly that

the refugees don't pose a threat to the community. But according to Fisher: "The risk of spreading the disease is real. It's probably small but we don't know how great it is."

Dr. James Mann, head of oral pathology at the University of Toronto, is the spokesman for the dental community, which is asking that all the refugees be screened for hepatitis B. Mann said the government called his view "alarmist" when it was first presented. As a group directly affected by the disease, the dentists wanted to follow practices already established in Britain and the U.S.—to set up special treatment centres just for these cases. The cost to the government would be about \$40,000, says Mann, and the idea remains a pipe dream.

The task force, which has met at least four times since last June, couldn't agree on what should be done about hepatitis B. So in September a body of medical experts was convened to try to evaluate the situation. The result? A list of recommendations to advise dentists as the proper procedures and precautions. The dentists, perturbed at what they felt to be a hokum approach to a serious health hazard, sent a communique and letter to Health Minister David Crombie, asking for mass screening of all Indo-Chinese refugees at their point of entry into Canada.

Hicks, spokesman for the task force, says it framed mass screening would brand the host people as "pariahs or undesirable." Once the government knew who was a carrier, he wanted to know, what would be done with that information? The task force did prompt the Red Cross testing of refugees at a Canadian Armed Forces base near Edmonton. Press reports in August confused this sample testing with universal screening and announced that comprehensive screening of all refugees would take place, though that was not the case—at that time.

Meanwhile in his fifth-floor House of Commons office, Health Minister Crombie was making his own decisions. He had read the dentists' communique. He had met privately with Fisher, who had received telegrams from respected American liver specialists, further convincing him to push for universal screening. Crombie had met with other task force members and experts, too. He had almost made up his mind. "I was trying to make a judgement as to what the Americans would or would not do," says Crombie. "Indications from the U.S. that it was going ahead with comprehensive testing of Vietnamese refugees reinforced Crombie's own view and provided him with just the right political antidote to combat the advice of his reluctant task force."

Muriel Wood

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The sound of silence on a disc

The first "phonograph" played wax cylinders rather than flat records. There came the 78-groove shellac disc—bulky and easily breakable, yet a monumental advance in its time. By the late 1940s, microgroove technology had made possible the first modern vinyl long-playing record. And finally, in the mid-1960s, the first stereo albums hit the record stores.

Since then audio equipment has become increasingly sophisticated. But the basic mechanics of producing and playing records have hardly changed at all—until now. A new kind of record and record player threaten to shake up the entire audio industry over the next decade—the Compact Disc system, unveiled recently by the Dutch system Philips Corporation. Philips has already built up a considerable track record for innovation. Its European engineers devised the now-standard cassette system in the early 1960s, as well as the laser-scanning technology which made possible the new video-disc system.

The Compact Disc is as thin as a dime and only 4½ inches in diameter (smaller than the black area at the center of most conventional LPs). It holds up to an hour of stereo music on a single side. Yet this may be one of its least remarkable aspects. The advantages of this new system are most apparent when looking at the disadvantages of conventional record-playing systems.

Conventional records are made by replicating the wave form of music—music, or voice or whatever—onto tape, then transferring the recording to a master disc from which the records are pressed. But the very act of taping involves the introduction of background noise, from the mechanical contact of the tape with the recording head. And though this noise can be largely suppressed by the Dolby B system developed in the late 1960s, further distortion enters the picture when the tape is transferred, microscopically again, to the disc. Finally, the record itself can be damaged by scratch marks, a worn stylus, spilled coffee—all of which causes further intrusion on, and reduction of, the fidelity of the original sound.



Compact disc (left), LP and disc player (right), coffee, concert hall lobby



The Compact Disc, the first record-playing system of the computer age, gets around all of these problems. Sound is recorded digitally—translated into a computer language of binary numbers representing each change in pitch or loudness. On the disc itself, these numbers are encoded in the form of microgrooves, light-reflective "pits" and "flats." Forming a 2½-mile-long "track" in a tight spiral on the face of the record. This digital information is read by a stylus in contact with the disc.

There are no grooves and there is no stylus to track them. Instead, a beam of light from a miniature low-power solid-state laser is used to "read" the light pulses reflected back from the "pits" and "flats." These pulses are decoded into an electronic signal, which is played through a conventional amplifier-speakers setup. With no mechanical processes involved, background noise and distortion are completely elim-

inated. Differences scarcely sound like differences, crescendo-like crescendos. The result is concert-hall fidelity.

Secondary gains come from the nature of the disc itself. Since the laser makes no physical contact with the disc, neither can be worn out by repeated playings. And since the digital information is encoded beneath the disc's surface, it is impossible to counterfeit reproduction with dust, scratches or even coffee. The formidable, which will be no bigger than a standard cassette player, is expected to sell at a price comparable to that of conventional turntables in the higher price range. The discs should also be comparably priced.

If it all sounds like an audiophile's dream, it isn't quite a reality. Though the Compact Disc exists, engineers are still working on manufacturing components for the disc player. Albert Roden, a spokesman for North American Philips, estimates that the product may hit U.S. stores by the early 1980s. But Canadian counterparts are still talking in terms of the "mid-1980s."

Will this new system make entire record collections obsolete? Obviously Philips likes to believe that it will. Says Steve Post, general manager of the Magazines division of Philips Electronics in Toronto: "If the record industry and electronics industry accept this as the new standard, we're going to see this disc replace conventional LPs within five years of its introduction." But that remains to be seen.

Andrew Weiser

Bits of moon tell the story of earth

Pieces of the moon are missing. Not that you would notice anything looking up at it in the right sky. The fragments that may have been stolen—by the world's first lunar thief—amount to no more than a handful of stones and dust brought back by the astronauts 18 years ago.

The discovery that particles of moon rock have been flung came to light this fall as scientists from around the world began to pull together their findings, after a full decade of study, on the 540 pounds of samples dug up by the Apollo crews. The astronauts' 2,900 moon rocks were cut up into 60,000 individual samples. Many of the pieces were then shuffled around the world—a large number to scientists in Canada—and a few have been examined by as few as 2,000 different experts. As part of the 10-year perspective, all of the samples have been weighed and recorded. And a special audit last month by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) shows "substantial quantities are unaccounted for or missing."

But the last pieces are the only dark side to the moon rock story. It now emerges that the material was of enormous scientific value and has even unlocked some secrets of the solar system.

Astronaut John Young in orbit near Sadoy, Ont. 7½ hours on the moon



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Federal government scientist John Maxwell
establishes moon rock: \$5,000 (by places)

which fill a massive gap in the history
of our own planet. The rocks showed
that the moon was formed hot 4.6 bil-
lion years ago and stayed hot for at
least 300 million years. Next, they
showed that the moon was struck by
asteroids, some the size of Prince Ed-
ward Island, for 200 million years and
then cooled million years for another 800
million years before finally starting to
cool down, three billion years ago.

The facts of the moon's early life
brought the majority of scientists to the
conclusion that the earth underwent
the same kind of tormented history, a
long-held theory which could never
have been substantiated without the
moon rocks. The oldest rocks found on
earth date back 3.8 billion years, the
movement of air and water have erased
evidence of the earlier 800 million years
of our history. But as the moon the lack
of air and water preserved the rocks,
leaving them to tell us 400 million years
of missing solar system history for
earthbound scientists.

Canadian government scientists in
Ottawa played a particularly important
part in analyzing the moon rocks be-
cause of their expertise in the study of
rocks from meteorite craters in Canada,
rocks that had suffered very high shock
pressures and temperatures due to me-
teorite bombardment. Canadian sci-
entists' work helped NASA to con-
clude that meteorites crashing into
the moon triggered volcanism which
brought lava and rock to the surface. It
is believed that the Sudbury basin in
Ontario (one of the largest sources of
nickel anywhere in the world) was
formed when a meteorite impact caused
volcanism, which brought the nickel out
from the earth's interior.

Interestingly, before Apollo 16 and 17
left for the moon almost a decade ago
the astronauts went to the Sudbury basin
for training exercises. They ex-
pected to find similar craters on the
moon, and they did. William Lowther

Behavior

TV brings out native aggression

When the cmc killed its ill-fated
Canada After Dark last Janu-
ary, native viewers in northern
Manitoba were elated. Not only had
Paul Solas and Peter Gosselin before
him, bored them with their smooth, ur-
bane artificialities, they had had the
gull to knock popular late-night movies
off the airwaves in towns that could
only get the cmc. The native reaction to
talk shows amazed University of Winni-
peg anthropologist Jack Steinberg,
who has been studying the impact of tv
on native communities for the past
seven years. "They're fairly passive
people with a tradition of noninterfer-
ence, but people were placing me in
distress and even travelling hundreds
of miles to my office to demand that I
intervene and get rid of that Gosselin,"
he says.

Steinberg's study, prepared for the
federal department of communications
with colleague Gary Gransberg, is the
first major look in Canada at the impact
of tv on North American Indians. The
findings will be published in book form
next spring and already have drawn re-
quiries from a wide field, including the
government of Fiji, which is thinking of
introducing tv but is worried about its
effect on native culture and behavior.

So it should be like other re-
searchers, Steinberg and Gransberg
have found one of the immediate causes
of the electronic medium to be an in-
crease in aggression. Last year alone, in
the Cree community of Norely Hestie,
300 miles north of Winnipeg on Lake
Winnipeg, five boys each lost an eye in
fights, something unheard of in pre-tv
days. Nonaggression is also a part of

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fights, something unheard of in pre-tv
days. Nonaggression is also a part of

traditional Ojibwa life, yet at the Duck-
head Reserve, also on Lake Winnipeg,
where tv was introduced in 1969 and
where Steinberg has lived on and off
for several years, violence is now
rampant.

"Not all the natives think increased
aggression a bad thing," says Stein-
berg. "It's tended to focus drivens be-
tween traditionalists, who want to stick
to the old ways, and the moderns or
'Trindleds' as we call them. The latter
think it's about time Indians were more
aggressive."

Other findings are more surprising.

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up to every day pressures comfortably. So when you
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Pilo' insoles in your shoes. You'll be literally walking on
air...and last that comforting!



LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE
MORE MEN SMOKE IT THAN ANY OTHER



AMPHORA: REGULAR BROWN, REGULARS: RED, BLUE, ORANGE

Among Norwegian viewers at home and Oxford House, 400 miles northwest of Winnipeg, one of the most detested programs is *The Muppet Show*. In particular, a great deal of loathing attaches to Kermit the frog. "The frog is a hated and feared creature in Oslo here," explains Steinberg. "It's credited among certain traditionalists with power to suck blood and make pacts with the devil. Kermit is a classic example of how a viewer's culture interferes with programming to produce an effect quite different to what the programmers expected."

Equally unpleasant for Oslo viewers are programs dealing with taboo subjects such as menstruation, sex and men being present at childbirth. To complicate matters further, the Oslo attitude is childish in its intolerance and misunderstanding, perhaps stemming from days when children died young. "Parents may strongly object to a program showing sex or nudity or childbirth when their children are watching, but they won't get up and switch it off, as a *Rare Candies* might," says Steinberg.

The researchers also found that native children tend to confuse reality with the world of TV. When a group of eight- to 12-year-old Oslo and Canadian boys were asked if *McGuire's of Reno* *Prime-O* was a real detective, only five per cent of the Canadians thought he was, compared with 20 per cent of the Oslo.

Significantly, traditional natives use the Oslo word *kunne* (perhaps to describe TV. The word refers to a traditional "shaking test" where shamanes roared up spirits living and dead, not all of them friendly. Their fear is that TV is stealing their children's minds—and there's plenty of evidence for that, apart from live missing eyes.

On the positive side, teachers have noticed a definite improvement in literary, vocabulary and geographical knowledge. Class recitation has also improved dramatically—in the past it was a recited, introverted monologue, now, says the study, far more feeling and drama is evident.

One finding of the 250-page study stands out like rabbit ears: "TV isn't a one-way street. We underestimate how people react to it and interact with it," says Steinberg. "Programmers are going to have to make a far more sensitive adjustment between culture and TV content in future." Adds Grunberg: "The explosion in satellite communications is going to allow even remote communities to tune into scores of channels very soon. People will choose channels which better reflect their own psychology and culture." Around Norway House, that doesn't include frogs.

Peter Carby-Gardes

Television

Horror on the beach: echoes of a massacre

DEPPE 1942
CIC May 11-12

Near dawn on the morning of Aug. 18, 1942, 387 vessels carrying some 10,000 Allied troops, escorted by 74 squadrons of air patrol, approached the coast of France around Dieppe and two flanking towns, Fogg and Beaurville. Dieppe had its place in history, as the port from which William the Conqueror launched his invasion of England in 1066, but of late was known as "the poor man's Monte Carlo." Soon it would be known around the world.

The invasion, reportedly thought by Canada's Major-General John Roberts to be "a piece of cake," sailed in ignorance of the fact that a practice alert had been called in German-occupied Dieppe. Twenty minutes from the time the boats landed on the steep beach guarded by a sheer cliff, 325 Canadians lay dead. And 204 more were taken prisoner. Nine hours later, the Allied casualties would include the loss of 186

planes in the war's most ferocious air battle, including 2,000 Canadians taken prisoner and nearly 1,000 Canadians dead. The piece of cake proved to be a massacre.

On Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, the CIC will telecast an three-hour documentary, *Dieppe 1942*, shown in two parts. *The Battle Begins* and *Echoes of Disaster*. Produced and directed by Vincent Macartney-Flanagan, *Dieppe 1942* uses extensive location footage and interviews with participants to show what happened that fateful day, what went wrong and, most interestingly, what it means to those who survived it. It brings to mind Marcel Ophüls' great essay on the Norm campaign of France *The Surrender and the City*, but, focusing on a single day of action, tells the complex tale of duplicity and collaboration.

Germanes carrying a fallen comrade (top); Canadians taken prisoner, small of blood



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tion and evil that made Opaki's work so gripping.

Roll, it has texture of its own, from the late Lord Mountbatten peering back to Churchillian rhetoric which now sounds hollow, to Brigadier Peter Young, a Colonel Ring recasting, over his hand triple-chord, the boyen of the day with wry glee, to Mrs. Mary Barrow, making one of the briefest but most unforgettable screen appearances of the year when, in Brookwood cemetery, she asserts with all the passion of her Celtic blood that she feels "the same as every woman feels when she's given birth to sons, to be massacred for the whims of stupid politicians. *I hate war!*" Indeed, the number of veterans who feel the operation was misguided, or pointless, or futile is surprising.

Deruge *And* (as did *The Survivor* and the *Phils*, first shown in Canada on the CBC in 1970) shows television at its best: "Talking heads"—that snide put-down of the medium—are what, after all, documentary is about, television's strength as an oral medium is seldom given its due. No one actually watches for the picture, so television can mix material of various styles, from different eras, even throw black-and-white into color with far greater alacrity than movies, where visual polish and integrity discourage such eclecticism.

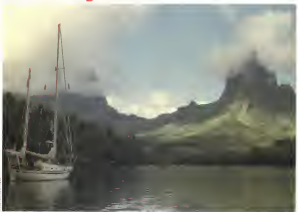
So it's a terrible moment in *Deruge* *And* when we see old sepia-toned home movies made in England of young men soon to die—ages 18, 20, 21—playing football, gladly munching their rationes, just hoving around. Not so terrible, obviously, as the brief clips of nervous footage of the carriage on the beach, which make one flinch, but the words of the survivors held one spellbound. Voices articulate the indelible memories of that August day. Memories of a man—"I turned to the bone. Bling-bling-bling bones not there in the sand one as if he wanted to drive as further." Of bodies—"at the water's edge, lolling back and forth with the surf." Of the sea, "on the edge which is red." And, "yes, you could actually smell the sweet smell of the blood."

These are memories so vivid and crystallized by telling and retelling that they achieve the force of poetry. Out of the vivid memories of Greek returning from the Trojan War, the seeds of the *Iliad*—and of Western literature—must have grown. *Deruge* *And* is a thought-provoking study of a day of war and a very moving memorial to the dead of war, lest we forget. The survivors don't. Many return each year to the cemeteries where their fallen comrades lie, fear to a crust, many is unmarked graves. A Canadian delegation lays a wreath in the German cemetery, a German in the Canadian. The most heartbreaking wonder what it was all for.

Bill MacVicar

Adventure

Seven years on the seas



By Warren Genard

They were sailing in the Indian Ocean. The sea was calm, the current fast and the winds friendly on this warm December morning. The weather was so good that Winston Bushnell, a miner from Sudbury, Ontario, had decided not to make port on the east side of South Africa. Instead, he decided to round the Cape of Good Hope. Two hours later he was doubting that decision. A thick black line had split open and lay on the horizon. Soon his 31-foot home-made ketch, *Dore*, was pitching and rolling and a vicious wave was lashing the tops of waves into steaming spray. Bushnell took warning. He set a storm jib and put out two sea anchors. Below, his wife, Carolynne, and their two daughters, Leslie and Kim, readied themselves behind a battened-down hatch. There was apprehension. In the cockpit, at the tiller, Bushnell had severed himself into a harness, fastening a 60-foot line to it.

He would need it. Suddenly, the

The Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, South Africa. The Beaufort (clockwise from top) Winston, Kim, Steve, Carolynne, Leslie, around the world in a backyard boat.



incredible storm was upon them. The winds gusted up to 40 and 50 knots. The first big wave hit. It was not one wave but three that had roared, trapped over each other and formed one 60-foot towering nightmare. This was a freak wave. It ran right over the *Dore*, rolling it over 360 degrees like a terrifying face-gripping ride. Inside the cabin, Carolynne recalls, "It was almost like being in a spin dryer." The wave destroyed everything on the deck. Two masts were shattered. The hatch cover was gone. The grab rail had disappeared.

"I came up on the end of the 60-foot line," Bushnell recalls. "I swam back to the boat pulling the hatch cover with me. I hooked the hatch cover back on and let the broken masts loose so they wouldn't stove a hole in the hull. The freak wave hit so hard that it flattened the sea for about 15 minutes and I had time to get all this done. I was crawling around on the deck and the spray was hitting me like sand. It was turning my skin off. I got the hatch cover latched on and I ripped off three fingers! I was

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE



working so frantically, I didn't even notice it. Then I sat down and I watched the sea build up again."

The head break came, another 60-footer, hit the Dove an hour later, rolling her over another full 360 degrees. The hatch cover stayed, but Bushnell was swept overboard again. The line saved him once more, but "I was freezing to death," Mesaulovich says. "I was broken two times. Kim had a decent cut on his forehead. After the exhaustion, went back to the Dove. He had only one thought in mind. That he was to pump out the boat. As soon as they finished the third break wave hit Dove she went 360 degrees again. That time a porthole flew out. Bushnell asked something over it to stop the flow of water. They pumped. Another wave hit and the boat rolled another 360 degrees. The porthole flew out and Bushnell found that."

Another wave might have done it. But there were no more. Does was disabled. The engine wasn't running. The Bushnell was adrift in the Indian Ocean. I was thinking it was no use getting the boat out of there. I was going to stay. I was going my way. I was going to get them out of the water. Bushnell recalls. But he did. The worst of the storm lasted eight hours that day and for the next three days it weakened to gale force. Bushnell jerry-rigged a mast and sail. They covered 800 miles in five days that way. They traveled in a zigzag pattern, zigging and zagging in a box, but when Bushnell fired a distress flare it got under way at full speed and left them. He thinks the crew was fishing illegally. On the following day, another vessel, taking notice of their flare, picked up the Bushnell, fed them, ate their food, and escorted them to a port. They were rescued. The crew made their way around the Cape.

Bushnell is spending his years in the comfortable living room of his mother-

The Dove on high seas, a birth and a death

in-law's home in Sudbury. It was certainly the most frightening experience of the family's seven-year, 28,000-mile voyage around the world in a boat she was built in a backyard. The Bushnells—Winston, 42, Carolynne, 32, Kim, 17, Leslie, 15, and Steven, who was born in South Africa and now is almost two years old—returned home in August. A exotic fantasy had been fulfilled.

It took them 12 places west, people only dream about—Shore, unattached deserted islands, the South Pacific started by James Michener, Africa, South America. They lived on about \$1,800 a year and when Bushnell ran out of money he stepped in such places as Samoa, South Africa and New Zealand, to work as a boat builder, carpenter and mechanic. The girls received their schooling during layovers and from On the two ministry of education correspondence courses.

There are two drawbacks. "The most important is that it's life to me in my personal freedom, but you pay heavily for this sometimes," says Mitchell. "When you take off on a trip like this one—which we plan to do again—you drop all insurance policies, you have no health insurance, you have no life insurance, you have to look forward to. You have no security along these lines. You gamble on good health. You don't know where your next job is coming from. So you pay for it, but it's well worth it. I've got 80 years on earth. Anything over that is gravy. I would rather spend my lifetime playing around, and if something happens, I get sick or I can't play any more, well what the heck?"

They set sail in August, 1972, from Little Current on Manitoulin Island making their way one step ahead of the cold weather, through the Great Lakes to Chicago and south from there also.

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the Illinois River and into the great Mississippi. They didn't tell friends they were planning to sail around the world just in case they had to turn tail and head home. "We told people that if we don't like it we could come back up the East Coast, but we never really had any second thoughts."

They spent Christmas in Miami, then sailed across to the Bahamas, through the Caribbean Sea and south to Colombia and back north to the Gulf of Mexico and San Blas Islands off the north coast of Panama. It was there that Bushnell witnessed a bizarre death among the San Blasian Indians.

They are small people. The women wear gold rings on all their fingers and smile around their wrists and ankles. They paint a black stripe down the center of their noses to make them look larger. No white people are allowed on their islands after dark. At night they sleep in hammocks and when they die they are buried in them along with their possessions. Their graves are hidden in the ground and their graveyards are built like villages.

"All the houses, everything is there, although no one lives there, but they use it. They walk through it. They plant vegetables there. They reap the harvest that's growing there. The man was killed directly from where we were anchored. We could see it right there, 200 feet away. He must have been in a coma or something, and they buried him, but he was alive and he came to in the grave. There was enough air in there and just a few boards and stuff over the hole and some sand on top. He pulled it in and was climbing out when one of the natives saw him. He thought it was a ghost and went totally mad. He just grabbed his machete and killed him—chopped him to pieces."

A friend, who was on board Dove with Bushnell, went ashore to investigate. The native explained a ghost had emerged from the grave. "So John [the friend's name was John Marshall] put everything back in the hole, chopped fingers, everything, and he covered it over. The next day, when the village elders went to check, it was covered in and I guess they figured the fellow was making up the whole thing."

The Bushnells moved on. They sailed through the Panama Canal and on to Cozumel Island, about 500 miles off the west coast of Colombia. It is a lush, secluded island of waterfalls and jungles, about four miles in diameter, 1,100 feet high, and occupied by wild pigs, goats and deer, surrounded by shark-infested waters. In fact, there are waters where the sharks go to mate. Legend has it that treasure is buried on Cozumel. The Bushnells spent two weeks searching for it, but found none.

While there, on this uncharted is-

land, they decided to stack up an mount, and Winston with his 303-caliber rifle shot at a huge black and white pig. "I was at point-blank range. I fired and I missed him. I couldn't believe it. If we got the big we planned to stay for another week and snake it."

But missing that pig might have saved the Bushnells' lives. "I was mad and I said, 'To heck with it, we'll leave and head for Galapagos,' and when I pulled anchor I cut through 3½ strands of anchor rope. I've had a good fury sitting on my shoulders all my life. I figure I was meant to miss that pig. If I had stayed onshore I would have lost my boat. And we would have been lost on a deserted island."

During the voyage of the Dove the Bushnells saw and experienced things most other people only read about. Sailing in the Pacific, outside the shipping lanes and jet streams, they were alone in the world. Some areas of the ocean were lit up with phosphorescence, balls of fire flying through the water, illuminating the fish in their path. And above them, always, the incredible simplicity of stars. They thought their own thoughts.

But the most rewarding experience, Bushnell found, was making friends, especially with native people. "We would carry a very low profile. We'd go and we'd talk to them a little bit, then we'd go back to the boat. If they came by we'd wave to them. It takes a few days for them to warm up to you."

And then we would invite them on board. We knew one of the best things we could do for these natives was to make them a great big basket of popcorn. They think this is amazing. They've never seen it and they love it. We tried to offer them things but with no bartering involved. We never asked for anything in return. If you try to do people favors it is always repaid back to you a hundred times more. The next day these natives would come loaded up with fruit and vegetables to trade on."

Now, the family lives in a small apartment in Sudbury, and Bushnell has found a job as a mechanic at a mine in Elliot Lake, about 100 miles to the west of Sudbury. He commutes to Sudbury on weekends until he finds a house in Elliot Lake. He has bought a car and clothes, an expense, he says, that would have embarrassed the family on the high seas for another year. He plans to stay in Elliot Lake about four years, until the girls have finished their education and made some decisions about their lives.

Meanwhile, Bushnell hopes to sell the Dove for about \$20,000 and build another boat, this one a 40-footer, then is four years start all again. This time as a permanent way of life. And "to show the world to our son." ☐

A very surprising rye

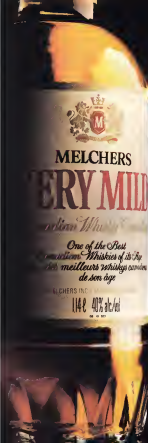
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The enigma of C.D. Howe

C.D. HOWE, A BIOGRAPHY
by Robert Bothwell and William Kilbourn
(McClelland and Stewart) \$19.95

Interestingly for a politician, he is probably best remembered for something he didn't say: "What's a million?" And at least as misleading is the image that has emerged from the myth that still envelop him: one of a

loutish, outcast, foul-tempered American hater, determined to crush any simmering, old-fashioned democratic attempt to curb his ministerial authority. Clarence Denslow Howe could have been forgiven for wishing he had never left the United States.

But he did leave. After graduating in engineering from the Massachusetts In-

stitute of Technology in 1901, the young Howe earned a teaching position at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and began laying the foundation for a career which would take him to merely achieved heights of power in mid-century Canada and create a legacy which would linger far beyond his time. When he died in 1960, the Toronto Star estimated that Howe was "the chief builder of modern industrial Canada, one of the greatest Canadians of all time."

It is, perhaps, more a comment on the other: healthy refusal of Canadians to deny their political leaders than on the man himself that C.D. Howe, alive and dead, has remained a stranger in his adopted country. In *C.D. Howe: A Biography*, authors Robert Bothwell and William Kilbourn make a worthy effort to reintroduce Howe to the Canadian



consciousness. In the process, they provide some fascinating glimpses of the personality behind the graft, rugged exterior, along with a meticulous chronicle of the finer points of Howe's career. But as die-hard Howe revisionists and intriguing readers, a mechanical read.

Howe's early years were spent far from the public eye and it was not until his election in 1955 and his immediate

elevation to the cabinet of Prime Minister Mackenzie King that he gained national attention. And it never left him. But what the public saw, and what the book reveals, were Howe's actions, not the personality behind them. There was, indeed, a lot to watch. In his first two years as transportation minister, Howe was instrumental in the creation of such Crown agencies as the CRTC, Ca-

nadian National Railways and Trans-Canada Airlines. In wartime, as minister of munitions and supply, he organized the production of everything from aircraft to tanks and shells, adding the ministry of reconstruction to his portfolio in 1945, and as the process began the eradication of Canada's post-war prosperity.

In 1940, Howe presented his spending estimates for the year to the Commons and uttered a sentence that he would regret for the rest of his life. Answering a question about the amount, Howe said "I dare say my honorable friend could cut a million dollars - but a million dollars from the War Appropriations Bill would not be a very important matter." His words were quickly whispered and abbreviated by a member of the Conservative Opposition, John George Diefenbaker, to become "What's a million?" - a phrase that epitomized Liberal arrogance and haunted Howe. It was harried at him repeatedly during the latter pipeline debate of 1956/57.

But his courage does reflect an anxiety hard to reconcile with a man railing from comfort. And he admits that when the post-mortem fuss over the greatest book he does he plans to settle down to work on his memoirs, beginning with a few reminiscences of his at the Ontario Agricultural

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"I've always thought the best test of a good economy is to be able to afford enough income to live well. I'd be a very bad economist if I lived in poverty," says John Kenneth Galbraith. The 71-year-old economist has very well indeed in New York he frequents the exclusive Century Club, in Washington, the equally exclusive Federal City Club. He lives first-class, dines in the best hotels and possesses that ultimate treasure—a picture of close friend Jackie Kennedy Onassis, which hangs in his study along with a framed motto which reads: "Galbraith's First Law: Modesty is a much overrated virtue."

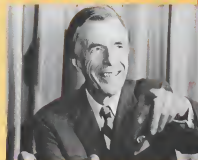
Humble pie apologues for privilege are antithetical to the Galbraith style—if one has written *The Affluent Society* one must be allowed the privilege of stamping it in wax. But his just published *Amorality of an Aching Liberal* (Thomas Allen \$16.95) is to be believed: affluence has not seduced him into abandoning his progressive's faith. Affluently, it is far easier to envision liberal sentiments of requisite purity if one lives apart from those whose privilege circumvents acceptable measures government spending based in the 20th century liberal creed. Galbraith himself abides alternately in Cambridge, Massachusetts and the intellectual splendors of the Harvard faculty from which he retired four years ago, in a remote Vermont town-

house where his interests such as swimming, tennis, his women's closet (Queen Victoria and in the all-time best dress of Galbraith: "I went to Switzerland 20 years ago to wear Nobody knows Galbraith then, he captured me with the combination of self-mockery and self-congratulation that characterizes both his writing and his conversation. If my presence caused Galbraith to become famous, there is nothing I can do about it."

Galbraith is much more than an economist, although he has earned a reputation enough for most men, having written such classic works as *American Capitalism* and *The New Industrial State*. He is a public figure, a man of affairs—not unexpectedly, since he stands down at the world from the lofty height of his intellect. He knows that right down left at New York and Washington, but in long Stratton, Canada, where he was born, the Galbraiths visit regularly whenever such matters. And if as a young man with a degree from Oglethorpe's Ontario Agricultural College he had no trouble penetrating the American side, he attributes his success to his Canadian behavior. "Establishment is a relative term. In my youth in Elgin County my father was president of the establishment. A great many people didn't know their views on a subject until he'd given his."

Today Galbraith who has been a naturalized U.S. citizen for some 40 years describes himself as an "inhabitant" of the establishment, but he clearly enjoys the pleasures of power. In *Amorality of an Aching Liberal* an anthology of essays which originally appeared in such disparate publications as *Esquire*, *Mac* and the *American Economic Review*, Galbraith diagnoses

a trend the world has made, with ominous-sounding conferences with secret policemen and industrialists and enough speeches, interviews and press conferences to satisfy a minor head of state. Still, the former U.S. ambassador to India and J.F.K. attitude seems to be slowing down a



Galbraith from Elgin County to Galbraith

but I no longer feel a compulsion to get to New York or Washington every week. Somehow that cycle has been broken.

College. I can't think I was very popular with some of the professors. He remembers: "Maybe I'm extremely a rather nasty man. It is a thought that brings a large smile to John Kenneth Galbraith's face."

Billy Christopher

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Fatherly: behind the wrought-iron fence

Nor does he give the fullest insight
into the people of that day. In fact, he
turns away from it. "It is almost irresisti-
bly tempting to assess the story of the
Crash in terms of individual human
loss." Long into the book, he explains
that "taken of handshakes" - soldiers do
justice to the breadth of the problem
the way a straightforward rental of
some statistics can do. "That decision is
a flaw in an otherwise solid work of
social and financial history which re-
mains well the pulse of the market as
September became October, as margin
buyers were called for money late into
the night and bankers tried to share up
the market until hours took over. The
other crises, in addition to the crash and
its vengeful fire, was lack of regulations
which meant, for example, Salter's
Standard Stock and Mining Exchange
"balled \$100 million from \$80,000 cus-
tomers during the gold digging years"
leading up to the crash.

There was then an almost religious
belief in "unlimited economic growth,"
a confidence—even a swagger in the
clothing—and far too many people in
high places saying for too long that
things were "fundamentally sound."
Sound familiar? Comparisons with to-
day are so irrelevant as they are mis-
leading. The book takes a pause on pre-
dictions, not even to conclude whether the
crash of 60 years ago "was a significant
event in itself or only the lead-in to a
series of warnings." Too bad, with gold
prices gone crazy, the dollar dying and
people buying self-help investment
books which promise help in the coming
bad times. And what really did go on
behind those wrought-iron fences?

Roderick McQueen

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party of the others, culled from theatre and TV, hark back to a more traditional era of Hollywood.

The only name to attract as much attention as Parker's is that of Paul Mazursky, the leading voice of middle-class North America who, with *An Unmarried Woman*, became godfather to the trend. While not Phil, written and directed by Mazursky and starring Margaret Kidder, is an homage to *Jules et Jim*, Francois Truffaut's laudible study of the friendship of two men expressed through their love for the same woman. But while *Jules et Jim* explores the darker angles of sexual ambiguity and ends with the deaths of two of the triad, *While, Phil* and their mutual love, Jeannette, separate unscathed, each to his own destiny. After promising to penetrate the complexities of the most awkward grouping of all, the mileage is done, Mazursky opts for an amiable resolution.

These films rejuvenate an old tradition in Hollywood: in the late '30s and early '40s the studios, filled with brilliant refugees from Europe, turned out scores of highly sophisticated comedies of the sexes. Ernst Lubitsch (*The Marriage Circle*), the most prolific, was regarded specifically for his expertise in the genre. He was, however, carefully kept within the limits of the Hays office, established in 1930 under Will



Rory Sherkley: Kidder and Michael Ondaatje
Jules et Jim escape love, necks intact

Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, which preserved the sanctity of marriage by splitting the consubial bed in two. This golden era of the European film-maker in Hollywood

ended abruptly with the Second World War when the studios, pressed by their audiences to conform them in the way of life for which they were fighting, distilled a quiescent propaganda into their vision of the North American family. Even after victory, the moral surveillance of the McCarthy era froze

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Special Wood: pillow lights and popcorn

these attitudes Premarital relationships provided the necessary love interest in movies while extramarital relationships were relegated to situations where the degree of sexual ignorance was only matched by that of sexual passion, or to the murky undergrowth of film noir in which adultery, indulged in by irredeemable characters, was met with inevitable and deserved punishment.

Nothing had changed in the early '80s when Billy Wilder deliberately inflated the second immaturity of the period in *Kiss Me Stupid*, churning books of satire from every quarter. The film equated contemporary notions of love with notions of property value in which an ambitious songwriter, to avoid leaving his luxurious wife to Dean Martin, plots the teens where to play her part. Wilder made his point to a few but was soon forgotten: the youth boom of the '60s exploded, burying marriage at the bottom of the list of bankable box-office material.

But at a heavy dose of baroque, gaucho and now this year, staid old film audiences are ready to return to the domestic scene. Films that studio executives would have relegated to TV two years ago are being too soft for features—meaning “no-plot-action-oriented” or feminine in thinking—are now hot feature properties. “People today are interested in a realistic escapism, with the hopeful feeling that relationships can work,” says Renee Valente, producer of *Loving Couples*. “What happened in the past 10 years has made people more aware of what

values should be. Both women and men are more conscious and more fearful of a woman in career-oriented, what relationship can a man expect from her?²⁰

Goldman sees his film as reaffirming the traditional "Shot the Moon to show trouble that I think people want to go back to—marriage as an institution is the best sense, that it stands for something, that it's here to stay." Cateson agrees, saying, "I think their film, about departing adulthood, is about commitment. That the means with which they have chosen to make their point is ingenious, novelty is a conservative art form and even in extreme forms, scarcely as only created as that. It's a very good idea, but the film is a bit staid and unexciting; edifying, the film-makers are doing little more than reconstructing the facial stiffness of Horn and Rock pillow-fighting, without a free grouping is realism, there is only occasion. Like the first of the two, the new realism means, they film set to make statements only to set out to die."

Almost 100 years ago, Oscar Wilde said "The 19th-century dislike of sentiment is Caliban's rage at seeing his own face in the glass. The 19th-century dislike of romanticism is Caliban's rage at not seeing his own face in the glass." The marital comedies seem to have inherited the monster: if audiences are unwilling to face the bitter truth of the breakdown of relationships, they are also unwilling to accept hollow romantic conventions. And if Hollywood is only going to go halfway, Friday nights are better spent waiting up for *Cosmo*, *Comet* or the late show. ☺

Music **La Stupenda sings again**

She arrived on the stage, imperious, all 61 years of her, wearing a shocking pink gown which belled above silver-laced heels. Jewels hung from her, glimmering. And then she opened her mouth. The first note sailed into the air, soared to the extreme reaches of the hall, then boomeranged all the way back. It was big. It was beautiful. It was only the beginning. One didn't know whether to faint, cry, dissolve or tear out one's hair. Nilsson had returned.

Certainly the concert of the decade, if not a candidate for inclusion among the century's great musical events, the Birgit Nilsson gala at O'Keefe Centre on Oct. 27 marked the soprano's return to the North American stage after a four-year absence. Toronto, through the Canadian Opera Company, got her first, while in New York the Metropolitan Opera, under Waldbrook, made the Swedish singer, the foremost Wagnerian soprano of our time and known also for her hair-raising performances of Salome, *Elektra* and *Die Walküre*, the first to sing the title role of *Die Walküre* at an age when most people consider themselves lucky enough to be able to lift it.

She began with Brahms's Immaculate Sonata from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, which for a high jumper is tantamount to beginning at seven feet. The expectant audience was comprised of fans and fans. The top ticket was \$250. Nissim delivered. This was the voice Wagner had written for: creamy, agile, expressive in the lower and middle ranges and ringing out richly at the top. She sang the first two lines of the song in a low, soft, but still high throat sound — and translated them with surgical precision. Backing her, the huge — but unpowered — rock orchestra was, at the most, a good noise listening at the end of the symbols reading, swirling

As the moved from one note to another in Dick Lewis' half from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, her swoops were as big as tidal waves. Nilsson, in her Wagnerian register, burst singing into an Olympian apert. And to think she just swooped there, as immutable as the spheres, making no extensive effort, no heaving breaths, no great intakes of breath, no exhalations, merely an occasional lick of the lips. Offing up. Her technique is so superb that there's an illusion of absolutely no effort whatsoever expended.

Not since the 60-year-old Lilli Lehmann recorded Mozart's *putative* Martern after others in 1907 has the blues ever been made available to the ear. How does Nilsson do it? Well, as she herself has said, "I never sing on my capital, just the interest."

None of this would matter in the larger scheme of things if the two artists, especially the Immolation Scene, were not sung as though the voices bore somehow soldered to the heart. And to prove that she was not only the world's wisest and most wonderful singer of Wagner, Nilsson fit into the Italian repertoire proving herself *La Stupenda*. The first "pace" in Verdi's *Pace, pace*

Wilson at the O'Keeffe gala performance: scoops, whoops to make one faint, or pray



was Deo, from *La Forza del Destino*, was enough to knock your hat off—a whoop, a big arching whoop whose trajectory was similar to that of a ballistic missile.

For her sincere Miloson sang, Vinn starts from Puccini's *Tosca* is as heart-rending a tune as one is likely to hear. Vinn's *duete* translates as "I lived for art" and is a fitting tribute to her. The woman is 63. Her voice is still magnificent and, somehow richer, the sales of it seem to have taken on weight and color in exchange for some definition. Her lower-like definition has always

battered some people, the blue-flame quality of it has always seemed cold—perfect, but detached. No more.

After Masson's encore the Teacote audience, known in the past for its ability to resist hurricanes and earthquakes, was at her feet, begging for another—*Snowbird, Macho Man, a Lettered, anything Just one more lousy encore Please* It was not to be. Suddenly the memory of it all became more poignant. Thrilling, overwhelming, touching—all these things. And two sad, inevitable words: The End.

Lawrence O'Toole



When it was new you had a "tuned" car. The parts that went into it were designed to work together in harmony. Doesn't it make sense to help keep it that way with original equipment replacement parts? If yours is a General Motors car or truck, replace your worn spark plugs with new AC Fire Ring spark plugs. They're the ones with the hot tip you

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Go with the names you know



Although Publius Syrus said 'It is not every question that deserves an answer' ...

By Alan Fotheringham

These now for the pre-Christmas **Pre-and-Friendly Fotheringham Philosophical Current Affairs Quiz**. Scores are restricted one to a contestant. Marks are given for contents.

1. Pierre Trudeau has announced he has changed his mind about giving the government a chance to govern and that he will attempt to defeat it at any opportunity. If you believe that, do you also believe ...

(a) Clifford Irving?
(b) The vision is made of green cheese?

(c) That Don Jamieson believes everything he says?

2. Reagan, in 25 words or less, Ray Mousty's group of the camp crisis.

3. You are trapped for 40 days in a lifeboat on the open sea. You have a chance of one companion. Would it be ...

(a) Tom Coetzee?
(b) John Christie?
(c) Diane Jones-Komhanski?

4. Explain your choice.
5. Now that Robert of Andon has explained Jerusalem to Joe Clark, please estimate what it would take to explain Petrozou to the Tory caucus.

(a) Iraq?
(b) Rwanda?

6. Jack Horner?

7. How tall is David Crombie?

8. Why?

9. King Tat is currently moving Toronto. Does King Tat's name have anything to do with the fact that the city also called Harold Ballard? Explain.

10. Explain to the class why John Christie and Gerald Boney go skating together every night on the Rideau Canal. The exact is not yet known.

11. The Liberal party is currently looking for a new leader. The problem is that no one has the courage to tell the present one that he should buzz off. Please identify the person who has the courage to tell the cat.

(a) Stella Holt?
(b) Lester Pearson's chauffeur?
(c) Robert Stouffville?

Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the **FP News Service**.

10. In the non-campaign to replace the non-leader, a number of non-candidates are not spying the leadership. They include:

(a) Lloyd Axworthy, relying on that tremendous Liberal power base in the West.

(b) Art Phillips, who won his Vancouver seat by a landslide 95 votes on a recount.

(c) Jean-Luc Pepin, who would ensure that the party leadership returns to an anglophone candidate, since he ran in Ottawa rather than Hull.

(d) Harold Ballard?
(e) Alan Eagleson?
(f) Jean-Claude Parrot?

Explain your choice.

11. Can you name three members of the Clark cabinet? Two? Why?

12. Ottawa's Rideau Club, luncheon fair of the Ottawa establishment, has burned down. Do you feel this will ...

(a) Raise the intellectual level of the capital?
(b) Lower the consumption of gas?

(c) Please the ghost of John Diefenbaker?

13. Rank on your current list of popularity the Apostolic Khmensa, punk rock, Harold, Ballard, Chrysler, buggy Jesus, Alberta, Toronto Argonauts, Peter Loughheed.

14. Can you think of anything that makes Canada as great as the Toronto Argonauts? Take your time.

15. Please explain how one province can produce both Peter Loughheed and Relief Bony.

16. Jimmy Carter and wife and child are to visit this week with Ed and Lily Selwyer and children.

What will be discussed at dinner?

(a) SALT?
(b) Grindus?
(c) Rita?

17. Explain to the class the historical roots of Joe Clark's speaking style.

18. Has Henry Kissinger ever told a lie? Explain. He did.

19. There are three outstanding minds in the Clark cabinet. Identify them. (Take your time.)

20. You are a dinner party hostess. The guests are John Turner, Ed Broadbent, Teddy Kennedy, the Shah of Iran, Jane Fonda and Jack Horner. Arrange the seating plan.

21. Contribute an essay on democracy, explaining why the democratic process should be applauded when it is repudiated. Campaigning with Steve Peacock. Use illustrations.

22. Explain why David Crombie, who has the largest budget of any Tory minister and charms the voters, is excluded from Clark's new cabinet. For homework, explain it to David Crombie.



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